SION in DISTRESS:

OR, THE

GROANS

OF THE

Protestant

CHRUCH.

Lam. I, 12. *Is there any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow?*
Vers. 17. *Sion spreadeth forth her Arms, and there is none to comfort her.*
Vers. 20. *Behold, O Lord, I am in DISTRESS!*

----------Quis talia Fando
Temperet a lachrimis?----------Virgil.

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SION IN DISTRESS:

OR THE

GROANS

OF THE

AFFLICTED

CHURCH

To the READER.

YOu are here preſented with a *Reviv'd Poem*, with ſuch Additions and Enlargements as makes it very different from the Firſt Impreſſion. It is ſuited to the Preſent State of the *Proteſtant Church*, ſhewing the *Cauſes* of her preſent *Calamity*, with an Ennumeration of ſome *Prevailing Sins*; the *Plots* and *Contrivances* of *ROME* againſt *SION*; the Marks of the *Antichriſtian Beaſt* and *Scarlet Whore*, with her *Arraignment* and *Condemnation*, (illuſtrated in difficult places with Marginal Notes.) Alſo ſome probable Diſcoveries of the Churches Redemption, and the approaching Glory of the Latter Day.

We have now a plain Proſpect (by the Gracious Diſcoveries of Providence) of thoſe Horrid and Execrable Plots, which the reſtleſs Adverſary has contriv'd againſt

the Peace and very Being of *SION*, and which were much in the dark when my Muſe firſt bewail'd its Condition, and ſuſpected that this *Epidemical Miſchief* (now Reveal'd) was then a hatching.

In a Subject of Grief, a quaint and ornamental Method is not to be expected: for an abrupt and ſobbing Delivery is more natural in the Delineations of Sorrow, then a ſtudied well-poiz'd and artificial Harrangue. The Subject is Divine, and too lofty for ſo weak a *Muſe*; which I hope will oblige the Generous Reader to a candid and mild Conſtruction. I have writ according to the meaſure of Light received, and have contributed my Mite (in a well-meaning Spirit) to reduce us to our Selves.

Againſt the *Reigning Evils* which expoſe us to Temporal and Spiritual Enemies, many *Wholeſome Precepts* from *Scripture* and *Reaſon* are given.

The *Riſe*, *Progreſs*, and *Perſecutions* of the *Man of Sin*, are ſuccinctly delivered, with the Evidence of Approved *Hiſtorians*, (ſome of them *Papiſts*) whoſe *Evi-*

dence

dence againſt *Themſelves* ought to be convincing. There cann't be too many *Defendants* againſt ſo Vigorous an *Aſſailant* as *Rome* is.

There are many Excellent Tracts that diſcover the *Villanies* of *Popery*, and I wiſh they were more Common. It is a great comfort that the *Spirit of the Nation* is ſo much (and juſtly) incenſed againſt it. And that our *Parliament* is ſo Thorow and Reſolved to cruſh that *Intereſt*, whoſe *Principles* teach them to be (to all *Hereticks*, for ſo they call *Proteſtants*,) Trayterous *Subjects*, ill *Neighbours*, and worſe *Soveraigns*.

To promote the *Juſt Odium* of my *Native Countrey* againſt ſo *deſtructive* and *malignant* an *Enemy*, is (in part) the Deſign of this *Eſſay*; (which being of ſmall bulk and price, may poſſibly come into more hands then larger Volumns.) If it contributes any thing in order to that End, it anſwers the Expectation of

Your Souls Well-Wiſher.

To his Friend the AUTHOR,

On the

FIRST IMPRESSION.

WHat Muſe is this, that thus inſpires thy Brain,
And leads thy Genius *to ſo high a Strain?*
Muſt thy Aſpiring Fancy now rehearſe
Thy Mothers Groans in an Elegiack Verſe?
Is Proſe too mean and unregarded now,
That ſtill in Verſe thou let'ſt the World know how
SION's *abus'd by* Rome's *Infernal Crew?*
How in her Blood they did their hands imbrew?
Let thy Endeavours proſper: Let them prove
To be Rome's *ſhame: A Token of thy Love*
To thy Diſtreſſed Mother, (now the ſcorn
Of black-mouth'd Imps, who are of Satan born;)
Aſpiring Soul! What from her Sorrows climb
To a Prophetick Spirit in thy Rhime!
Foretelling how ſhe ſhall deliver'd be
From all thoſe Bloody Beaſts, whom thou do'ſt ſee
God will deſtroy, and will thy Mother make
Heav'ns Glory, and Earths Joy, for his Names ſake.
Jehovah *bleſs thy Work this Book, though ſmall,*
And make it prove a Preface to Rome's *Fall.*

Vale.

To my Friend the

AUTHOR,

Upon His

REVIV'D POEM.

HEre's Grief in Raptures! Who could thus infuſe
All Strains of Sorrow? No Aonian *Muſe*
Such Sacred Rhapſodies *could e'er inſpire:*
Nor were they borrow'd from Apollo's Quire.
No Inſpiration from the Theſpian *Spring,*
Does teach our Poet *in this mode to ſing.*
He ſucks no Hippocrene, *nor feeds upon*
The fancy'd Dew of Pagan Helicon.
He mounts no Pegaſus, *nor gathers Drops*
Diſtill'd by Clio *from* Parnaſſian *Tops.*
Theſe are but Whimſies---Some Seraphick Fire
His Muſe did with this Mourning Song inſpire

Who

Who can but, in the highest Notes of Grief,
Weep Tears in Verse, when SION wants Relief?
Such as from Art their lofty Strains do borrow,
Do but describe an Artificial *Sorrow:*
But his is purely Natural: *for we*
Perceive it comes from perfect Sympathy.
His clear discerning *Soul her danger sees*
Approaching on by unperceiv'd degrees.
He gives us Warning to prevent the Stroke,
To leave our Sins, and Mercy to invoke.
Here's a Prophetick Glass, *where we may view*
The swift Destruction that will (else) ensue.
But Friend, *we thank thee that thou hast not*
left us
Without some hope, nor has thy Book bereft us
Of Consolation; for the SCARLET
WHORE
Is there so Sentenc'd, that She'll rise no
more.

Ston

Sion in Distress:

OR, THE GROANS OF THE *PROTESTANT CHURCH.*

SION.

WHat dismal *Vapour* (in so black a form)
Is this, that seems to *Harbinger* a Storm?
What pitchy *Cloud* invades our Starry Sky,
To stop the Beamings of the Worlds *Great Eye?*
What spreading Sables of *Egyptian* Night,
Would rob the Earth of its Illustrious Light?
What interposing *Fog* obscures our *Sun?*
What dire *Eclipse* benights our *Horizon?*
Is *England*'s Great and Royal *Bridegroom* fled?
Is its *Aurora* newly gone to bed?
That scatter'd Clouds make such *prodigious* haste,
Combine in one, and re-unite so fast.
Clouds that so lately *dissipated* were,
Do now conspire to make a *Darker* Air!

I mourn *empty'd*, groan without *Relief!*
No *bounds* nor *measures* terminate my grief!
The *Sluices* of mine Eyes are too too *narrow*
To vent the Streams of my increasing *Sorrow*.
Ebbs follow swelling Floods, and Vernal Days
Adorn the Fields that Winter disarrays:
All States and Things have their alternate ranges,
As Providence the Scene of Action changes.
All Revolutions, hurries to and fro,
At length some Rest and Settlement do know.
But helpless I, have often look'd about,
To find some Ease, or Soul-Refreshment out;
Yet can I see no prospect of *Relief*,
But *swift Additions* multiply my grief.
As *Pilgrims* wander in their deep distress
Amongst the wild rapacious *Savages*,
In pathless Desarts, where the midnight howls
Of hungry *Wolves*, mixt with the screech of *Owls*,
And *Ravens* dismal croaks, salute the Ears
Of poor erratick trembling *Passengers*:
So I'm surrounded, so the *Beasts of Prey*
Conspire to take *my Life* and *Name* away.
My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint
For want of vent; I'm pregnant with complaint.
No Age nor Generation but has known
Some part of this my just and grievous moan.
But now I'm far more dangerously charg'd;
By *Bolder Foes* my sorrows are enlarg'd:
A hellish Tribe from black *Avernus* flew,
That, *Bloodhound*-like, me and my Lambs pursue.

Lord

Lord JESUS come! O let my Cries invoke
Thy Sacred Presence to divert the stroke.
Are all my Friends withdrawn? what is there none
Steps in to ease me of my grievous moan?

Sion's Friend.

WHat doleful noise salutes my wondring Ear
What grief-expressing Note is that I hear
Methinks the Accent of this Dismal Cry,
Bespeaks some one in great extremity.
The shrilness of the mournful Voice bespeaks
A Womans loud and unregarded *shrieks.*
The more her deep and piercing sobs I heed,
The more my Heart in sympathy does bleed.
Ah! who can find her out? who can make known
The Author of this Heart-relenting Moan?
Doubtless, though Grief now seizes thus upon her,
She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour;
Of Royal Stem, extracted from Above,
Nurs'd in the Chambers *of the Fathers* Love;
Espoused to a most Illustrious Prince,
Who over all has Just Preheminence,
Monarch of Monarchs——Sion! *'tis Thou!*
O mourn, my Soul! O let my Spirit bow!
Let all that love the Bridegroom *sigh for grief;*
For Sion *weeps as one past all Relief.*
But why, O Sion, *since thou art belov'd*
Of Heaven's Supream, *art thou so sadly mov'd?*

hy Arms expanded, *thus implore the Skies?*
hy streaming Rivulets, *flow from thine eies?*
his makes me wonder.——

Sion.

——MY *forlorn* Estate
poor, unpitty'd, mean and desolate;
ong have wander'd in the *Wilderness*
volv'd in trouble, kept in sore *Distress*,
Caves, absconding from the *horrid Rage*
f *Savage Beasts*, until this *later Age*
made Attempts to look a little *Out*,
he *Monster* spy'd me, and does search about;
he Roaring *Blood-Hounds*, greedy on the scent,
o *kill*, or *drive* me back again, are bent.
o *Interval* of Peace, no Rest they give,
ronounce me *cursed*, and *not fit to live*:
Dragon fell, combined with the *Beast*
o *gore* my *Sides*, and spoil my *Interest*.
h' old *Lion*, *Lionness*, and *Lions Whelp*,
Vith dreadful Jaws, the other *Beasts* do help.
ogs, *Bulls*, and *Foxes*, *Bears* and *Wolves* agree
o rend, to tear, and make a spoil of me.
hat have been so delicately bred,
y Children at a Royal Table fed;
n now expos'd to the Infernal Spite
f such as do in Fire and Blood delight.
ots hatch'd in *Hell* and *Rome*! that black *design*
o *stab* a *Monarch*; and to undermine

Our

Our Ancient *Laws*, subvert *Religion*, and
Bow *England*'s Neck to *Antichrist*'s command;
Were but *Preludiums* to that dismal *Urn*
(As martyr'd heaps in flaming *Smithfield* burn)
Design'd for *Protestants*, and all the Rest
Who hate *Romes* Idol, th' *Image of the Beast*.
I am the *Mark* the Monsters aim at: All
Their grand designs were to contrive my *fall*.
If Friends or others any Favours show,
They straight conspire to work their *Overthrow*.
Ah vile *Conspiracy*! Ah cursed *PLOT*!
So deeply laid! How canst thou be *Forgot*?
Hells grand *Intreagues* ne'er introduc'd a *Brat*
Into the World, so horrible as that.
Since *Rome* the western cheated *Monarchi* rid,
A *Rampant WHORE*, the horned Beast bestrid.
Disgorging *Plots*, employing hellish *Actors*:
May all our *Off-spring* Execrate such *Factors*!
Sion forlorn! How very few regard
Thy *cries* & *tears*, mens *hearts* are grown so hard!
In Restless Hurries, tost with every wind,
No Ease, no Peace, no Comfort can I find.
The horrid Aspect of these *Monsters* do
Affright my *Children*, some they worry too;
On Some they *seize*, like greedy *Beasts* of prey,
And to their *Dons* the *Sacrifice* convey.
Renowned *GODFREY*! (whose immortal glory
Martyr'd for me, shall ever live in Story)
Let every Loyal *Eye* that sees it there,
Yield to his Name the Tribute of a *Tear*.

Brave Soul! Thy Love and Loyalty do claim
That *King* and *People* should proclaim thy *Name*,
As *England's Victim*, ne'er to be forgot,
Fast'ning on *Rome* an everlasting Blot.
The Great *Jehovah*, who is onely Wise,
Permits thy Fall as a sweet Sacrifice.
Thy Barb'rous Murder has made clearly out
That *Plot* which none but *Infidels* can doubt.
Those bloody *Varlets*, black *Assassinates*,
Curs'd Executioners of *Rome's* Debates,
Drunk with *Infernal Cruelty*, made Thee
A *Specimen* of *England's* Tragedy.
By Thee we learn what *Courtesie* to hope
From *Romish Butchers*, Vassals to the *Pope*.
Thou led'st the Van, first fell into the *Trap*,
From whence they say no *Protestant* shall 'scape.
Pure Innocence Trapann'd, amongst them came,
Without suspition, (like a harmless Lamb)
Whilst they, like hungry *Tygers*, ready stood
T'embrue their *Tallons* in thy guiltless *Blood*.
Thou little thought'st such an Infernal Snare
Had been thus laid to trap Thee unaware!
'Tis strange, *say some*, what *Reason* should *engage*
Them to make Thee the *Object* of their Rage?
The Cause was thus: The *Babylonish Whore*,
Big with a *Bastard*, long'd (as heretofore)
For *Christian Blood*; her Favourites made haste,
In her great need to help her to a *Taste*.
Of choicest Liquors thus she calls the first,
To chear her sinking heart, and quench her thirst.

Fearing *Miscarriage*, when her Spirits faint,
She drinks the *hearts Blood of some Martyr'd Saint*.
Then *Horse-leech* more insatiable, she cries,
Give, give me that, or nothing will suffice
My Craving Paunch; *my pleasure must be done*:
This Heretick *was a Pragmatick One*;
He knew my Secret Clubs, *and would Reveal*
My Tragick Plots: *We must* prevent *his Zeal*.
We'll Strangle *Him, before He gives a glimpse*
Of our Designs, *or Countermines our* Imps.
Ah *Brutish Whore!* of *Cannibals* the worse.
This *bloody Draught* has brought an endless Curse
On thee: And lasting *Calendars* we see
Records this Instance of thy Cruelty.
This *Loyal Knight* ne'er injur'd you, but stood
Discharging *Justice* for his Countreys Good.
Will nought but Blood of *Protestants* give ease
Or quench your *thirst?* What mischievous *Disease*
Infects your *Bowels?* Must your Churches Food
Be *flesh of Saints? Your mornings-draught, their blood*
Fellonious Strumpet! Must you be so bold,
To steal by night into your Neighbours *Fold?*
Seiz on my *Lambs?* Thy *Theft* and *Cruelty*,
As well as *Murder*, shall revenged be.
But since He's *gone*, and *Justice* does pursue
With eager steps th' *Assassinating* Crew,
We'll acquiesce: For *Heaven* seems to call
For Tears Cessation at his *Funeral*:
Let Christians offer, through the Universe,
Whole *Hecatombs* upon his bleeding Herse.

And could their Tears increase into a Flood,
'Twere no excess——So much I prize his Blood.
But *other* grounds of Grief are in mine Eye,
Which cause my Sorrows to advance so high,
That my o'er-burthen'd Heart can scarce express
The nature of my *Inward* Heaviness.

Sion's Friend.

Sion, *Thy sad and bitter Lamentation*
Does move my very Soul unto Compassion:
But say, what Cause *does aggravate your Fears,*
And thus provokes *to further Cries and Tears?*

Sion.

If that my *Head were Waters*, and each *Eye*
A brim-full *Fountain*, I could drein 'em dry.
I'm steep'd in *brackish Floods*, nay almost drownd,
To see how *Sin does ev'ry where abound.*
Where e'er I am, I nought can see or hear,
But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.
It breaks my heart that *England* thus should be
A *Scene* for *Actors* of Debauchery.
What *perpetrations* of the *blackest* Crimes
Appear not *bare-fac'd* in our present times?
Tho God (incens'd) has fearful *Judgments* sent,
To *humble* men, and move them to *repent*;

Yet

Yet they proceed in foul Impenitence,
And aggravate their horrid Inſolence;
Seeming to bid Defiances to Heaven,
Scorning to take the dreadful *Warnings* given.
The ſweeping *Plague* (that Meſſenger of Wrath)
In ſuch as 'ſcap'd, ſmall Reformation hath
Produc'd! Nor has the deſolating *Fire*
(A perfect Token of Gods flaming *Ire*)
Remov'd the *City*'s *Pride*; 'twas great before,
And now it ſeems to multiply much more.
Fantaſtick *Garbs*, and *Antick* Modes declare
How much from *Pride* their Souls reformed are:
Though *want*, though *poverty*, and loſs of *Trade*,
Do many Men and Families invade;
Yet do they vaunt in *pride* and *luxury*,
As if they had vaſt *Mines* of Treaſures by.
Some know not what to *eat*, nor how to *go*,
Yet on the *Poor* will no Compaſſion ſhow:
(Whoſe unregarded *Cries*, unheeded *Moans*,
Whoſe unreliev'd *Diſtreſs*, unpity'd *Groans*,
Can ſcarce extort a Mite) ſuch do not grudge
To purchaſe Hell at deareſt Rates, and drudge
To pleaſe their brutiſh luſts, who void of meaſure
Conſume Eſtates to *wantonize* in Pleaſure,
Tumbling in Riot (as proud *Dives* fat)
Whilſt *Lazarus* lies ſtarving at the Gate.

A Complaint of Oaths.

Volleys of *Oaths*, with horrid Blaſphemy,
And dreadful Curſings, in mine Ears do cry.
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,
Obſerve the mode how they each other greet.

What new-coin'd *oaths*, what modish *execrations*
What damming, sinking, horrid Imprecations
Do they disgorge? The Serpents fiery hiss,
That belches Sulphur from the black Abyss,
Can scarce out-do this Ranting Tribe, who coun
The Man Genteel that is most paramount
In wickedness; he that blasphemes aloud
Christs blood and wounds, is Courtier alamode.
How can th'abused Earth but gape again,
To swallow quick vile Wretches so prophane!
Can Heavens great Artillery so long
Forbear the Treasons of a mortal Tongue?
Jehovah's Attributes so vilely us'd!
His sacred Essence and his Name abus'd,
Fresh Blasphemies they mint, new Curses frame,
And Sins that never had before a Name.
Graduates in Courtship are preferr'd, who made
Most quick proficience in a hellish Trade:
Such rant and roar, such revel, domineer,
As if nor God nor Devil they did fear.
Approaching dangers can't disturb their pleasure
But still they sin until they fill their measure.
Judgments deferr'd, in evil makes them bold,
Despising such by whom they are controld.
As if th'avenging Hand their Lives did spare,
Thus to provoke Him without dread or fear.
But poor Blasphemer, when thou art past by,
'Tis not t'indulge thee in iniquity.
Think'st thou the God of Purity does like
Such ways, because he yet forbears to strike?

Do'st

Do'ſt think a gloomy interpoſing Cloud,
From Gods all-ſearching Eye can be thy ſhroud?
Or that becauſe He is inthron'd on high,
Thy Deeds of Darkneſs He cannot eſpy?
Or ſince his Judgements are ſo long delaid,
Wilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid?
Wilt thou His Patience without end abuſe,
Slight true Repentance, and His Grace refuſe?
If ſo, thy Judgment haſtens----For a Rod
Will quickly reach thee from an angry God.
Becauſe of Oaths the Land does greatly mourn,
For which my Soul much inward grief has born.
Do'ſt thou not ſee how filthy *Drunkenneſs*
Does raign in City, and in Villages?
Some *reel* and *wallow in the ſtreet*, like *Swine*,
Whilſt *others boaſt their ſtrength* in *drinking Wine*:
Although to ſuch, God doth *denounce a Curſe*,
They mind it not, but ſtill grow worſe and worſe;
Dread not Examples of Gods wrath at all,
Nor what to Drunkards does ſo oft befall:
Altho Gods Word has dreadful Warnings given,
That Drunkards never ſhall inherit Heaven,
But that their lot ſhall with damn'd Spirits be,
In Chains of Darkneſs to Eternity.
They drink, carouſe, and waſte their jolly breath,
Upon the brink of *Everlaſting Death.*
Whate'er enſues, they are reſolv'd they will
Carouſe full Goblets, and be filthy ſtill.
Thus men by *Pride*, by *Oaths*, by *Worldlineſs*,
By *daily ſwallowing Liquor to exceſs*,

Defile

Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke,
To cause his Vengeance on the Land to smoak.
Sin sets the door wide open, and makes way
For all the Sorrows of th' approaching day.
These are in part the cause of *England*'s Wo,
And will (if Grace prevents not) it undo.
But there are other hainous Sins behind,
Which pierce my Bowels, and perplex my Mind

A Complaint of Whoredom, Adultery, &c.

Did filthy *Lust* and *Whoredom* ever rage
With more success then in the present Age?
Abominations of so vile a Name,
That their bare mention is indeed a shame.
What Sin more hateful in *Jehovah*'s Eye,
Then this of *Whoredom* and *Adultery*?
'Tis rank'd as Chief, and marches in the Van
Of all the gross Debaucheries of Man,
In those black Muster-Rolls God does record
Of grand Offences in his holy Word.
What more affronts the *Second Table*? Or
Provokes the Lord? No fitter Metaphor
Could be produc'd t' express *Idolatry*,
Then that abhorred Name, *Adultery*.
Besides the Terrors of Gods fiery Wrath,
Which judges such to everlasting Death;
On Earth, amongst all sober men, they gain
So vile a blot, so infamous a stain,
As all the Waters in the Sea can ne'r
Wipe off, nor can it be forgot for ever.
But O what dismal Consequences wait
For speedy entrance at the wretches gate! For

r lewd Embraces of laſcivious Dames
ill rot their *bones*, breed cankers in their *names*,
get conſumption in Eſtate and Purſe,
oduce Deſtruction, and a certain Curſe:
e common ends that ſuch arrive unto,
e foul Diſeaſes, Beggery and Wo.
ney're ſottiſh Fools (ſays wiſe *Demoſthenes*)
hat buy Repentance at ſuch Rates as theſe:
hat ſin, to pleaſe an Enemy, that ſtrives
o damn their Souls, and rob them of their lives.
od in his Sacred * Ordinances hath * *Lev.*
ppointed ſuch to an immediate Death. 20.10.
Would men but judge it as their greateſt Foe,
hey'd never love, nor hug it as they do.
ch Sex is bad, but Women ſeem to be
he very Brokers of Immodeſty;
Which makes that paſſage to be born in mind,
wiſe and vertuous Woman who can find?
our *City-Dames* and *Ladies* are on fire
With wanton paſſion, and unchaſte deſire;
oviding Meats on purpoſe to inflame
heir pamper'd Gallants to their wonted ſhame.
re Breſts and Naked Necks, a Harlots Dreſs,
re ſtrong Temptations unto Wickedneſs.
ll other ſins (th'Apoſtle does declare)
Which men commit, without the Body are:
nt this abominable Act alone,
gainſt his Body by a man is done.
arriage to all, the Undefiled Bed,
Honourable; he that will, may wed:

But

But Whoremongers God judges, and they shall
Be cast into the Lake, both great and small,
The *Wiseman* calls th' *Adulterer*, *A Fool*;
And well he may, for he destroys his Soul.
No Sots like them, for branded, still they show
The marks of Folly wheresoe'er they go.
O how th' unclean and bruitish man exceeds
Inferiour Sinners in reproachful Deeds!

My Grievances are many, and my Fear
Is more then my distressed Soul can bear:
My panting Breast and aking Heart is sad,
To think of what I further have to add.

But O amazing master-piece of wonder!
That's like to rend my very heart asunder,
When I consider that an Age of Light
Produces Monsters blacker then the Night:
A *Cursed Tribe* of wretched *Atheists* dare,
Without all *Dread* and *Reverential Fear*,
Strike at the *Essence* of the *Great Jehove*,
And all the *Glories* that reside Above:
As if *meer Fancies of a Cloudy Brain*,
And *all Religion* an *Intrigue* of *Man*:
That dare pronounce all *Evangelick Law*
A Trick of State to keep the World in aw.
Creating Idols in their Brains, that even
Make *mocks* of *Hell*, and a *meer scorn* of *Heaven*.
But can such *Fancies* challenge an abode
Within your Hearts, to *Dis-believe* a GOD?
On th' *Universal Fabrick* cast an Eye,
The Sea, the Earth, and the expanded Sky:

Can so Sublime Illustrious an Effect
Be form'd without a Glorious Architect?
If Reason be your Rule, true Logicks Laws
Pronounce Effects resulting from a Cause,
Whose Order leads us to Infinity,
Sure Arguments of a Divinity.
Created Things must a Creator have;
And that Begetter who first Being gave
To Essences produc'd, can't be Begot;
He's therefore GOD, and other else is not.
This *Causa Prima*, without Time or Date,
Is He that did all Entity create.
The First could not Himself create; so He
Must have His Essence from Eternity.
Who can make *Phœbus* his swift Course Reverse?
Or ballance in his Palm the Universe?
Who can the Ocean in a Sieve confine?
If none can do't, then none can GOD define.
First Principles are beyond Definition;
No Logick reaches at so high a Vision:
'Tis unreveal'd to Reason, for no strain
Of lofty Metaphysicks can contain
Those Mysteries; true Wisdom therefore hath
Commanded Reason to give room to Faith.
If what we see had not a first Creator,
Then 'tis its own immediate Operator;
If so, it Acts, before it had a Being:
But such Conclusions are too disagreeing
With Reasons Maxims: For all things that be,
May say they are their own Divinity,

If

If each can make it self, and that which can
Create it self, can so it self sustain
In infinitum, and will ne'er dissolve
Its self; for Nature's principal Resolve
Is, That no Essence will forbear to be,
If it can keep up its own Entity.
This strain of Atheistick Sophistry
Makes all of equal Independancy,
Without Subordination: 'Tis a Theam,
Without Inferior, making all Supreme.
FIRST CAUSE supposes *Time*, & *Time* supposes
Some *second Acts*, which *After-Time* discloses.
So view their Series, you may trace them all
(As Links in Chains) to their Original,
The Great JEHOVAH, whose unfathomd Glory
Is Emblem'd in the Universe before ye.
There is a thing in Man call'd *CONSCIENCE*,
Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,
Whether he likes or not: That's ready still
To check the Course of his Disorder'd Will:
It is Eccentrick to his Sensual Part,
Arraigns his Words, his Deeds, his very Heart;
And if it finds they be irregular,
It does pursue them with continual War.
What can this Just, this Inward Witness be,
But some bright Beam of a Divinity?
In former Times was not *Jehovah* known
By Miracles which visibly were shown?
Can Reason brag that Causes Natural
Could raise the Dead? Or that a Word can call

An

An *Intomb'd Carcass* to behold the Light?
Make *sound* a *Cripple?* give the *blind* their *sight?*
If not, then surely it will follow hence,
That 'tis an *Act* of some *Omnipotence:*
That such were done we have the *Common Vote*
Of *Pagans, Jews,* and all the *Men of Note,*
Whose *Works* are Extant, whom we may believe,
Because they had no *Int'rest* to *deceive.* (hear,
Whence come those *Judgments* which you daily
Of *Wrath* and *Vengeance* darted every where
Against *Prophaners* of that *Sacred Name?*
Whence come those *Arrows,* that *Consuming flame*
Which terrrifys the World? & whence the *breath*
That strikes *Blasphemers* with a *sudden Death?*
Which of these *rare Philosophers* can show
What makes the *Spacious Deep* to *Ebb* and *Flow?*
Let them produce their *Maxims,* if they can,
How scatter'd Atomes can compose a Man?
Who *brandishes* those *blazing Signs* of *Wonder?*
Who *frights the Earth* with *rapid Peals* of *Thunder?*
Who did defeat the *Fatal Enterprize*
Which *Rome,* by *Devils Counsel,* did devise?
Who sets the *Comet* in the *Angry Sky,*
Those *dismal Harbingers of Misery?*
God does *Himself* by many *Ways* make known;
Forewarning Men of what's a coming on:
Yet *Senseless Mortals* faulter more and more,
Though *hovering Vengeance* threaten at the Door;
Deceit, Soul-killing-Errors, Perjury,
Injustice, Murder, Theft, Hipocrisy,

Do so abound through our enlightned Isle,
That *Sodom* hardly e'er appear'd more vile.

A Complaint against Hypocrites.

I am not onely persecuted by
My *Open Foes*, but *Lurking Snakes* do lie
Within my Bosom, using all their Art
To seiz my Vitals, and corrode my Heart.
Such *seeming Friends*, such *Traytors* in *disguise*,
Are more malignant then *known Enemies*:
For the Attaques of *These*, a man may ward;
Those, unsuspected, stand within our Guard.
How many seem to reverence my Name
For worldly Ends, or to avoid the shame
Of Irreligion? Frequently they go
To worship God, and so devout do show,
As if meer *Saints*; but, *Hypocrites* in grain,
Do all the while Intelligence maintain
With my declared Foes, who proudly joyn,
And all their Politicks in one combine,
To root my Name from off the very Earth,
And make provision that no more get Birth.
Betray'd by *middle*, and by *low Degrees*,
But most of all by *Capital Grandees*.
Such as my Peace and Safety should procure,
Contribute most to make me Unsecure:
Such seem their *purpose* by soft *words* to smother:
So Boatsmen look one way, but row another.
Such perjur'd *Statesmen* have the Art to *smile*
Upon my *Face*, but *cut my Throat* the while.

But

But grant, Dread Soveraign of the Univerſe,
That whilſt I weep my Grievances in Verſe,
Thy Sion*'s Intereſt may not be betray'd*
To Rome, *by* Proteſtants *in* Maſquerade.
O let me hear the Joyful Trumpet ſounded,
That does proclaim their Babylon *confounded.*
Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,
Annoying *Europe* in unuſual Swarms.
This critick moment they expect and hope
To thruſt *Me* out, and introduce a *Pope*,
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been
A Wall, a Fort, a Counterſcarp between
Their bauling Canon's moſt impetuous ſhots,
And *forraign Saints*; that *countermines* their *Plots*.
The deſp'rate Archers are aware of this,
They know that *England* the chief Bulwark is,
To check their growth: If they could make it ſup
Th'invenom'd dregs of th'Antichriſtian Cup,
They judge it eaſie to ſubdue the reſt
Of my *European* Goſpel-Intereſt.
But O my melting Soul-tormenting Fears!
Burſt into Sighs, and bubble into Tears!
Obſerve the Heavens! View that dreadful Mark
Of flaming Vengeance, that precedes the dark
Approach of Night! Can this vaſt *Comet* be
Ought but the Prologue of Calamity?
Prodigious Meteors, blazing fiery Stars,
Are Heralds ſent to menace open Wars
Againſt rebellious and polluted Coaſts,
By Him who is the mighty Lord of Hoſts.

Awake O *England*! this *Lethargick Sleep*
Is out of *Season*, 'tis a time to *weep*;
If *guilty Children* tremble at the *Rod*,
Can you be *stupid* when the *Angry God*
Sets up this *dreadful Ensign* of his *Wrath*?
Rouze up *Repentance*, let a *lively Faith*
Now go to work; See how the *Preaching Air*
Instead of *Sinning*, does exhort to *prayer*;
For thy *Fantastick Garbs*, *Perfumes* and all
Thy other *Trash*, it doth for *Sackcloth* call:
From *Carnal Sports* it *bids thee* quickly get,
Calls from the *Taverns* to the *Mercy-Seat*.
From that accursed *Rendezvous* of Lust
It bids thee *hasten*, and *repent in Dust*.
Have not th' Experience of *past Ages* given
Their sad *Remarks* upon those *Signs* in Heaven?
What *follow'd* still, but *certain Spoil of Nations*?
Plagues, *Fire* and *Sword*, and other *Devastations*?
The sure *Eversion* of some *Potent Crown*;
The Death of *Heroes*, *Monarchs* tumbled down.
But thou *Illustrious Architect* of *Wonder*,
Remove the *Sorrows* which I *labour under*.
Does this *Amazing Prodigy* betoken
That *Rampant Babel* shall be quickly broken?
Does it *portend* that *Antichrist* shall break
In pieces, striving to *destroy* the *Weak*
Remains that on this blessed Name do Call?
Or dos't *presage*, that (trembling) *I* shall fall?
Lord, canst thou see thy *pleasant Vineyard* Tore,
And rooted up, by this *rapacious Boar*?

O

have my *Childrens* crying *Sins* provok'd
hat *diſmal Sentence*, not to be *revok'd?*
ods Methods were to *chaſten*, not *deſtroy*
hoſe *Sinning Souls* in whom he once took *joy*)
give thy *Sinking Church* a *true diſcerning*
hat thou doſt mean by this *prodigious Warning*;
hat by thy *Spirits ſacred Flame* calcin'd,
Scourges mended, and by *heat* refin'd,
e may find *Grace*. But oh! My Spirits faint
nder the Preſſure of my *Great Complaint!*
y *panting Soul* another grief doth feel,
y *feeble Knees* beneath their burden Reel.

Sion's Children.

AH Mother! who can diſallow your moan?
The Cauſe is juſt, for every one muſt own
ur failings great, and that our ſins provoke
mpending Judgments, and a future Stroke,
f intercеding Mercy ſteps not in
o ward the blow, and cancel out our Sin.
But ſince unthought-of Providence *gives light,*
And calls the Sun to ſee the Acts of Night;
Since Heav'n expoſes the Reſults of Rome
To Publick Notice; *ſince the Traytors come*
To Legal Execution; ſince the grand
Contrivers of this Miſchief dare not ſtand
To Teſt of Law, or due Examination;
Since ſuch brave Heroes *repreſent the Nation,*

Whose clear sagacious penetrating Eyes
Dive into Rome's *abhorred Mysterics;*
Whose Nobler Souls, whose Loyal English Hearts,
The closest Slights of Antichristian Arts
Can ne'er deceive; whose brave Resolves defeat
Those curs'd Delinquents, whether small or great;
Whose Free-born Courages do scorn to stoop
To be the Vassals of a Rascal-Pope,
An Upstart Imp, whose Title ne'er was given
By binding Laws of either Earth or Heaven.
We therefore, dearest Mother, do conclude,
That what has past of Romish Interlude,
Is near an Exit; *that the Scene will be*
Chang'd from a Tempest to Serenity.

Sion.

O That's a *Cordial!* But my *grief* does borrow
Some fresh *Objections* to renew my sorrow:
For some that *wish me well*, do yet, in spite
Of Gospel-Beamings, and the cleerest Light,
Retain some *Romish Fragments*, which displeases
The meek, the humble, self-denying *JESUS*.
His way of Worship, Scripture does express;
No Useless Pomp, no Artificial Dress
Becomes Religion; Chastity abhors
The *Garb*, the *Painting*, and the *Gate* of *Whores*.
Why should my Friends a Virgin-Church pollute
With any Relicks of that Prostitute?

Why

Why Gawdy Things, that never had a Name
In sacred Records, our Profession shame?
Why are our *Rites* enamel'd with their *Gloss?*
Why must our *Gold* be mingled with their *Dross?*
Why *further Reformation* is suppress't,
T' uphold a *Grandeur* that's *Usurp'd* at best?
Why *Doors* and *Windows* must be shut up quite,
To stop the Radiance of a *further Light?*
And why must such as disallow those Tricks,
Be branded as the vilest *Schismaticks?*
But that's not all: My Children more refin'd
From those Corruptions, do afflict my mind.
O depths of Sorrow that disturb my Rest!
O racking Grief that rends my woful Brest!
Some are so Carnal, some so swiftly hurl'd
Into the Labrinths of th' inticing World,
That in the hurries of that crouded Road,
They find small leasure to attend their God;
Preferring filthy Gain, and ill-got Wealth,
Before the means of their Eternal Health.
Some that in words respect me, I behold
In that sad posture, betwixt hot and cold.
Sometimes they seem for Sanctity; sometimes
Slide with the current of prevailing Crimes:
Their Pulses beat with an alternate motion;
Now for the *World*, then for some faint *Devotion.*
Some that unto my Tabernacles were
Admitted, left me for *Egyptian* Fare:
These not content with my Celestial Diet,
Do run with others to excess of Riot.

Some to be *Popular*, away would give
Those *Gospel-Duty's* that are *positive*:
From such as these, my Sorrows do increase,
That Sell *Gods Order* for a *seeming Peace*;
Such Open Gaps that do *pervert* the Laws
Of my just *Right*, and well-defended *Cause*.
But O! how many *Easy Christians* take
Their *Rest* in *Forms*, and no *distinction* make
'Twixt Shell and Kernel, that rely on *Duty*
As if it were the sole adorning Beauty?
Such give the Lord the more invalid part,
Present their Body, but deny their Heart.
Are not some *Pastors* careless to provide
A *Word in Season*, for the *Flocks* they guide?
Some are too backward to supply the *Need*
Of *painful Lab'rers*, that their *Souls* do feed:
Discourag'd by Close-fisted *Avarice*,
Despis'd, neglected, through this *Hellish Vice*.
My *Workmen languish*, and have cause of *moan*,
To see their *Toyl* so ineffectual grown.
The most Pathetick Preaching scarce can move
Some *Rocky Hearers* to the Grace of *Love*.
Must *Hag-fac'd Envy*, and *foul-tongu'd Detraction*,
Invenom'd *Malice*, and unfaithful *Action*,
Ill-grounded *Slander*, and uncertain *Rumors*,
Backbitings, *Quarrels*, and the worst of *Humours*
Be practic'd thus? Ah grief of griefs to see
Professing People act iniquity (*Wives*
To such a Pitch! ---- Some *Husbands* and some
Do lead such shameful, such unsavoury Lives;

Whilst

Whilst mutually at strife, they do impeach
That Name that should be very dear to each:
Such Pride, such surly, dogged *reprehension*
For every Toy, such sharpness and contention,
As does disgrace *Religion*, and does lay
Blocks and Offences in a *Converts* Way.
Ah! why can't Saints in Familys eschew
That which *meer Heathens* are asham'd to do?
Their Houses are the Scene of *Civil Wars*,
Of Brawls, of Discord, and *Domestick Jars*.
In grace or comfort can they find increase,
Or *Heavenly Blessings*, who are void of Peace?
How oft do *Parents* Ill Example draw
Their tender Children to infringe the Law
And Sanctions of the Everlasting God:
Do they not spoil them when they spare the Rod?
To strict Extremes some Parents do adhere,
Check not at all, or else are too severe:
On *Back* and *Belly* they bestow much Cost,
But care not if their Precious Souls be lost:
Are they not guilty of Prodigious Folly
That teach them *Courtship*, & neglect what's *Holy*
A Child untutor'd, (a meer lump of Sin,)
May justly curse its cause of having been.
Such as instruct, do doubly them beget,
By timely Lessons lab'ring to defeat
Their growth in Ill; such mold their *better part*
By wise prevention of a Canker'd heart.
O! then's the time to give 'em Form and Mold
For Trees admit no bending that are Old.

Wh

Who timely sow such *seed* they would have grow,
Will surely reap according as they sow.
Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,
Prompt on a Child to tip his tongue with ill
In his first prattle: But it is less pain
To form good Habits, then reform the vain.
On th' other hand, how many Children do
Prove vain, rebellious, disobedient to
Their *godly Parents?* Slight their careful teaching
Make Games of Prayer, and a mock of Preaching.
Contempt of Parents, of what kind so e'er,
Contracts a bitter Curse, which every where
Will find them out. But O my aking Soul
Beats sad Alarms of Grief! I must condole
The dismal Fate of Youth! Alas how few
The ways of God and Holiness pursue!
But very eager to obey the Devil,
In quickly learning every reigning Evil.
Here you may see, if you survey the Nation,
Our Youth grown old in vile abomination:
Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,
Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud defiance.
Let Grace and Vertue grovel in the Dust,
Their Youth and Strength they'l sacrifice to Lust.
That sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,
To mind their Maker in the Days of Youth,
They scorn to heed: Ah fools! that would begin
Conversion, when they can no longer sin.
But know, prepostrous Sots, the Day of Doom
That dreadful Audit of Accounts) will come.

How

How dare you run this vile *Career*, till Death,
Like a *Grim Serjeant*, comes t'arreſt your breath,
When *Tongues* do faulter,& your *Eyeſtrings* crack
When ſtings of Horror do your *Conſcience* rack,
When Hells *Abyſs* ſets ope its ſpacious Gate,
And *Troops of Devils* round about you wait,
When nought but *Horrour* and *Confuſion* ſeizes,
Upon your Senſes, when thoſe *foul Diſeaſes*
You got by vile *Debauches*, have at length
Deſtroy'd your Perſon,and ſubdu'd your *Strength*,
Is this a Seaſon to Deteſt your Lewdneſs,
To talk of *Vertue*, or pretend to Goodneſs?
Egregious Fools! how dare you to delay
Your Souls Affair to that *uncertain Day*!
O! Can you truſt ſo *grand a Work* to that
Moment of *Anguiſh?* when you know not what
(When Sonnd)your end will be,nor yet how ſoon,
Though briſk at *Morning*,you may die ere *Noon!*
And if unchang'd, your certain *Doom* will be
To lye in *Hell* to all *Eternity*.

Sion's Children.

O Diſmal State! O miſerable Caſe!
Enough to daunt all that are void of Grace!
And cruſh the bragging of the ſtouteſt mind!
But are there ſtill more grievances behind?

Sion.

Sion.

STill *more behind*? O that there were no more!
Since they're too many that I've told before:
Masters and *Servants*, *Kings* and *Subjects* err
In their *Relation:* does not each prefer
Base, Selfish Ends to gratifie a *Lust*,
Before what's honest, and supreamly Just?
Ah! how much time, among the Saints, is spent
In fruitless, idle *Talk*? How negligent
In *holy Conference!* strange to each other!
How dull is each to quicken up his *Brother*
In *Gospel-dutys!* O! how few do nourish
That *Love* and *Zeal* which heretofore did flourish!
A *Love* whose flaming Heat and Gen'rous Rays
(Replete with Spirit) fam'd the former days.
Pious Discourses may reclaim the Vile;
But they are hard'ned in their Sins the while
Saints do converse like them, and rather learn
Their vicious Tricks, then teach them to discern
The dismal Snares and Perils that do lurk
In sinful Words, and every evil Work.
Some are so covetous, that they would grasp
The World in *Arm-fulls*, till their latest Gasp.
Some full of *Envy:* others do express
Their *Lust* on Dainties, feeding to *Excess:*
So *nice* and *delicate*, in choice of Meat,
Whilst their *poor Brethren* scarce have *bread* to eat.

Mer-

Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art
To ſumm their *Shop-books*, but neglect the *Heart*;
For *that* they think there's time enough, and look
But ſeldom to the Reck'nings of that Book.
How many come for *Faſhion*-ſake to hear?
(What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)
How many *loyter* in their *Chriſtian* Race,
Profuſely ſquandering the day of Grace?
Many like Drones, on others *Toyl* do live,
Though 'tis leſs honour to receive than give.
What *lying*, *cheating*, *couz'ning* and *deceit*
Do Traders uſe? O! how they over-rate
What they would ſell? but if they be to buy,
They undervalue each Commodity.
But why ſhould *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*,
Be found in *Saints?* muſt every *Apiſh* Faſhion
Bewitch their minds, when God is ſo Expreſs
In ſtrict forbidding of ſo vile a Dreſs?
Prayer, that *Sacred Ordinance*, that holds
An intercourſe with Heaven, which beholds
The Fathers Glory, and on High does mount,
Is made by many but of ſmall account;
'Tis that that carrys our Deſires to God,
And comes down fraighted with a bleſſed Load
Of ſweet Returns; yet 'tis much diſreſpected,
And *Cloſet-Duty* too too much neglected.
Scriptures themſelves are ſlighted and diſ-us'd,
And oft, when read, perverted or abus'd:
Helping the Weak, is turn'd into a ſlighting;
Goſpel-Reproofs perverted to backbiting.

Many

Many that do of God their *Mercy* crave,
Yet on the *Needy* little *Mercy* have;
All owe their *Blessings* to the God of *Love*,
Yet too too many do unthankful prove.
Some follow *Whimsies* that do *nearly* border
Upon *Confusion*, and *despise* all *Order*:
Such on all *Sacred Institutions* trample,
(Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example*)
As if 'twere *low* for an *exalted mind*
To be, to Gods *Declared Will*, confin'd;
But can these *Men of Rapture* make *pretence*
That they have more *Divine Intelligence*
Then all th'Illustrious Saints, as *Prophets*, *Priests*,
Apostles, *Martyrs* and *Evangelists*,
That were the *Scribes* and *Messengers of Heaven*,
And strictly practic'd all the *Dutys* given
Unto the *Church*, which are *without repeal*?
But if they're *disanul'd*, who did *reveal*
Their *Abrogation* to these *bold Pretenders*?
Gods Laws are *sound*, and need no *Cobling-menders*.
But Oh! that *Dismal Evil* that's behind
Disturbs my *Reason*, and distracts my *Mind*!
It is *DIVISION!* That unhappy word
Has done more Mischief than a *Popish Sword*
Could ever do, if that a *sweet Communion*
(At least of *Love*) did but compleat our *Union*.
Why should *Licentious Heat*, my *Children* hurry
To those *Extreams*? must they each other *worry*
For *trivial things*? do they not *all agree*
In *Fundamentals of Divinity*?

Is

Is there no *Room* for *Love?* or muſt that *grace*
Among my *Children*, have no proper place?
Why muſt one *Saint* be angry with his *Brother*
If not ſo *tall* as he? or with another,
Becauſe his *Face* is not *ſo white* as his?
Or that his *Habit* not ſo *gawdy* is?
Alas! no *Folly* can be more *abſurd*,
Nor more exploded in Gods *Holy Word*.
All ſhould to *Goſpel-Purity* adhere;
But to *calumniate*, *villifie* and *jeer*
All ſuch as are not of their *very pitch*,
Is *Anti-Goſpel*, and a *practice* which
The Lord *abhors*: If *Cauſes* of *diſſent*
Evert not *Truth*, and ſhake the *Fundament*
Of *True Religion*, why ſuch *angry brawling?*
Such *Odious Nick-names?* and ſuch vile *miſcallings?*
Who dares intrude into the *Judgment-Seat*
Of God Almighty? who is only Great,
And only *Judgment* gives; to *him belongs*
To *paſs the Sentence*, and *to puniſh wrongs*.
Why cannot *Chriſtians* with each other bear?
Among *Apoſtles* ſome *diſſentions* were;
But did they therefore *perſecute* each other?
Theſe *Mortal Conflicts*, *Brother* againſt *Brother*,
Deſtroys our *ſafety*, for they ſet a *Gap*
Open for *Rome*, that would us all intrap
In *Fatal Snares*: their *Maxim* is, we know,
Divide and Rule; *Diſtract and Overthrow*.
Their *Crafty Agents* do *creep in* among
Our *heedleſs Parties*, and *divide* the *Throng*,

That

That with more Ease they may us all *devour*,
Destroy our *Nation*, and subvert our *power*.
Why therefore do not *Protestants* agree
As *One*, against the *Common Enemy*?
Who waits with bloudy hand, t'involve 'em all
In one *Destruction Epidemical*.

Sion's Children.

AH Mother! who can remedy your grief?
For this Disease admits of no relief.

Sion.

OF *no relief?* O then my Heart must *break!*
Unless my *Sons*, their *Mothers* Counsel take;
Which will those fatal *flaming heats* allay,
Obstruct their *Growth*, and take 'em clear away.
O can a Mothers *Tears* and woful *Crys*
Be dis-regarded in her *Childrens Eyes*?
Can *English Protestants*, who do profess
To serve one God in *Truth* and *Holiness*,
Slight all my *Wishes*, and *Requests* despise?
O! Hearken to my *Counsel*, and be *Wise*.
Let *Wrathful Pride*, and foolish *Self-conceit*
Let *Quibbles* and *Sophistical deceit*
Be quite exploded? let a cool *Debate*
All *Fundamentals* of *Religion* state:

In

In such you all, will certainly agree;
(O happy *Model* of sweet *Unity!*)
Let none that to those *Principles* do stick,
Be branded with the name of *Heretick*;
It glads my heart to hear 'em call each other
By that sweet *Title* of a *Christian Brother.*
Next if you would not *Charity* explode,
Abuse the *guiltless*, and affront your God,
Judge not your *Brethren* at a distance, neither
Give *easie Credit* to the *Tales* of either
Hot-headed Scriblers, or *licentious tongues*,
That often load the *innocent* with *Wrongs*:
So *Hellish Monks* did serve *Waldensian* Saints
With *horrid clamour*, and *unjust complaints*:
So *Popish Impudence* spews out its *Gall*
To make us *odious*, and bespatter all
The *Reformation*; *Sure that cause is bad*
Whose chief support from Railing *must be had.*
If giddy *rumour*, or uncertain *fame*
Should raise a *Slander* on your *Brothers* Name,
Repair to him, and in *Converse* you'll see
Whether he *guilty*, or not *guilty* be:
If he be faulty, *tell him of his sin*;
Be *mild* and *secret*, and you may him win.
Admonish *gently*, let your *whole discourse*
Be full of *savour*, *love* and *Scripture-force.*
This is the *way to bring him to a sence*,
And Gods *prescribed Method* to *convince*;
But if you fail, then *leave him to his God*,
Who can reform, or punish with a *Rod.*

Your *Work* is done, you have *discharg'd* the part
Of *Friend*, of *Brother*, of a *Christian heart*.
Before *Belief*, examine what is vented,
Good Men by *Malice* may be represented
In *Monstrous Shapes*: Some that to God are dear,
Hatred will paint like a *mishapen Bear*;
Believe not therefore *distant imputation*?
No Censure's Just, before *Examination*.
In all *Debates* be sure to lay aside
All prejudice, and let the *Scriptures* guide
Your *calm*, *sedate Disputes*, let *Truth* be scann'd
With cool Resolves: O! let that *great Command*
Of *Love* take place! for that should *moderate*
All *Eager Sallies* in a *warm Debate*.
Who loses *Error*, truly gains *the Field*;
And he is *Victor*, that to *Truth* does yield.
Where e're you find it, though in *mean array*,
Subscribe, and win the Glory of the Day.
O! what's the World, but *Shackles* to the *Mind*?
What's Reputation, but a *fleeting Wind*?
Why should those *Bawbles* which *the Lord abhors*,
Become the *Sacred Truths* Competitors?
Away with all such Rubs, let *Truth* take place!
And then the *Springs* of *Everlasting Grace*
Will drop down *Blessings*, *Unity*, *Increase*,
Among my *Children*, as the *fruits of Peace*.

Sion's Children.

OUr Common Danger, *and the* Real Sence
(*Which we have got by* dear Experience)
Of those Advantages, our cruel Foe
Gets by our Factions, *will unite us so,*
As that our Enemys *shall ne're prevail*
To break our League, or make our Courage fail:
But tell, Dear Mother, *has some new affright*
So dis-compos'd you, that you fear our Light
Is near Extinction? *tell your* Sons, *we pray,*
What are the Symptoms of th' expiring Day.
Why do you judge, that England's *Day of Grace*
Draws to an Evening, and declines apace?
Shew some Prognosticks *of that dismul Night,*
That threatens to succeed *our Gospel-Light.*

Sion.

WHen *Sol* once touches our *Meridian* Line,
It straight descends, does by degrees decline;
Its heat grows less, its dis-appearing *Light*
Yields to the *Sable* of approaching Night:
Just so the *Gospel* in its *Altitude,*
Once shot such *Beams,* that in this *Isle* enfu'd
So great *Conversion,* that those former Days
Did feel its blest and universal Rays.

A General *Heat* did warm this *Happy Nation*,
From its benign and pow'rful *Operation*:
But now it falls! and from our *Horizon*
Its vig'rous *influence* is almost gone.
Thousands of *Sermons* lately have been preacht,
But very few (if any) sinners reacht.
How ineffectual is the quick'ning word!
It shines, but warms not; its but like a Sword
That's fair to sight, but has no Edge at all;
Few prick'd at *heart*! and scarce do any fall
At *Jesus* feet! or have a sence of Sin,
Confessing how *rebellious* they have bin!
It is a dismal and apparent Sign
That Night comes on, when *Phœbus* does decline,
When Heat and Fervour fail, our *Hemisphere*
Will quickly see its glory disappear.
The Ev'ning of the Nat'ral Day is come,
When Harvest-Work-men are repairing home:
So when quick Summons of *Omnipotence*,
Removes the Dressers of his *Vineyard* hence,
We may conclude the *Gospel-Morning* past,
Because Gods Servants disappear so fast.
Can I, when *Gap-defenders* fall asleep,
But like old *Isr'el*, for my *Prophets* weep?
How can the naked and unguarded *Flock*,
Sustain the Brunt of an invading Shock?
When of its *Shepherds* it is thus bereft,
When scarce a *Moses*, or a *Joshua*'s left,
How many active Guides, most dearly lov'd
By Me, have been in little time remov'd;

Scarce can I dry mine Eies for loss of one,
But News arrive of many others gone:
If that my Head were Waters, and each Eie
A Well of Tears, I could distil 'em dry.
Bright Lamps extinguish't! and no other Lights
Appear to chace the horrour of our Nights!
Shook by concussions of my Foes I stand,
Whilst few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand!
If thus my *Horsemen*, and *Commanders* dye,
What will become of the poor *Infantry*?
Who can support the burden of the *Day*,
When such brave *Hero's* daily drop away?
Is Summer past, or is the Harvest done?
That such *presages* of *a Storm* come on!
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intendeth *Wars*,
When he *recalls* his choice Embassadors.
Ah too *licentious World*! come, look about,
Before the Lord, the *bloudy Flag* puts out:
When God from *Sodom*, righteous *Lot* did call,
Sulphureous Flashes did consume them all.

Another ground of my *prevailing fear*
That *England*'s black *Catastrophe* is near,
Is that, as in the Closure of the Day,
The *Evening Wolves* do range abroad to *Prey*:
So *Romish Beasts* in *monstrous Swarms* do peep
From their *black Caverns*, to destroy my *Sheep*:
Such hate the *tell-tale-light*, and therefore hide
Themselves in *Dens*, until the *Ev'ning tide*.
Their *cursed products* are resolves of *Night*,
Like silent *Currs*, that in the *dark* do bite.

Another *Symptom* of the *days declension*,
Is when the *Shadows* do increase *dimension*:
So when I look about, I *plainly see*
Our *Ev'ning shadows* very long to be.
In *Humane Bodys* when the Head grows *Hoary*,
It notes *decay of Vigor*, *Strength* and *Glory*.
Gray hairs are thick upon our *Ephraim*'s Head,
His *Strength* decays, his *Face* is withered.
When *joynts* grow *palsy*'d, & the *Blood*'s *congeal*'d
Into a *Jelly*, can the Man be heal'd?
When *limbs* grow *stiff*, and *feeble Age* does plow
Its *wrinkled furrows* on the *Patients* brow;
When *heat* gives place to a *benumming cold*,
When *doting Fancy* cares not to be told
Of its *approaches* to a certain *Grave*;
When it rejects the *Physick* that would save,
The *Case is desperate*, for the *Patient's* just
Upon the Point *to be intomb'd in Dust*:
E'en so (Alas!) this *Gasping Nation* lies
Under the *pressure* of sad *Maladies*!
'Tis *sick at heart*, yet seems *averse* to take
That *sacred Physick*, whose *Ingredients* make
Diseases vanish, and would *mar* the Blow
Which will, (I fear) produce its *overthrow*.
Ah! must our *Glory* (like a *brittle Glass*
Reduc'd to *Fractions*) into *Atomes* pass!
So Rude a *Chaos*! an unform'd *confusion*!
Threatning the whole with utter *dissolution*.
Once *Happy Isle*, I grieve at thy condition:
Where's thy *Repentance*? where is thy *Contrition*?

Thou

Thou hast been counted our *Emanuel*'s Land,
The *Gospel* seems on *Tip-toe* now to stand,
To bid thee *farewel*: Must thy Sun so soon
Be *sett*! before it did approach to *Noon*!
Must that *Illustrious Morning-light* be gone,
That spread its Beams through all our *Horizon*?
Must wretched *Malice*, and prodigious *Lust*,
Must bare-fac'd *Pride*, and impudent *Distrust*,
Rob thee of this inestimable *Jewel*?
How canst thou be so *pittiless*, so *cruel*
Unto thy self? *Sin* is the *flaming dart*
That cuts thy Veins, and wounds thy very heart.
Can *Sion* chuse but send out *mournful Cryes*?
And weep thy *Downfal* in sad Elegies?
Within thy Bounds my Tabernacles were
Built up, and I did long inhabit here.
Thy *Gospel-glory*, and *Renown*'s gone forth
Into all Parts and Corners of the *Earth*.
Thou mayst be justly stil'd *the place of Vision*?
(Though made by Foes an *Object of Derision*)
The Joy of Saints, the *Protestant*'s Delight,
The *Mark* and *Butt* of *Antichristian* spite.
But if the Crown be ravisht from thy *Head*,
And *Romish* Clouds thy Lustre overspread;
What *heart so brawny*, but thy *doleful Cry*
Must move to pity? what relentless Eye,
Can see thy fall, and not dissolve to drops?
O fleeting *Joys*! O dis-appearing hopes!
O hastning horrour! O invading fears!
Had I a Sea of never-empty'd tears,

My boundless, helpless grief wide open sets
The Sluces for its streaming Rivulets.
The very Air, dresst in Prodigious Forms,
Must groan in Thunder, and must weep in Storms.
Nature, of strong Convulsions sickned is,
To see this horrid *Metamorphosis!*
Where *Gospel* Pastors did some Millions feed,
Must blind and sottish *ignorance* succeed?
Must all their Throats be cut that won't adore
The hateful *Carcass* of a *Rotten Whore?*
Must all that execrate *Rome's Superstition*,
Be Murder'd by a *bloudy Inquisition?*
Must such as won't to *Idols* bow, be broke?
Must flaming *Smithfield*, belch out *Fire* and *Smoke*
Of Martyr'd *Saints?* must all that will not turn
(With *Bibles* and good *Books*) together burn?
Must *Monkish Torys*, meer *Incarnate Devils*,
Possess our *Land*, and pester it with *Evils*,
Of such an odious and abhorred *Grain*,
That but to name 'em is a *lasting Stain?*
Must our Renowned Ministers give place
To *Romish Block-heads?* O the vile disgrace
Of such a *Change!* Must an *adult'rous Priest*
Belch out his *Mass*, where they have preached
Must that *absurd* and *irreligious Tribe* (*Christ?*
Who fetter *Conscience*, and regard a *Bribe*,
Beyond their Souls, be Leaders to our *Flocks?*
Must *paultry Non-sence*, and those *Apish Mocks*,
Mis-call'd *Devotion*, fill the *House of Prayer?*
Must *Pestilence* infect our *purer Air?*

Must

Must *Sodom* be translated to our *Isle*,
And filthy *Priests* our chastity *defile?*
Must *Satans Factors* in a *humane shape*,
On modest *Virgins* perpetrate a *Rape?*
Must all our *painful Ministers* be driven
To *fiery Stakes*, if they renounce not *Heaven?*
Must our dear *Infants* lose their harmless lives
In *flaming Faggots*, or with *Popish Knives?*
Must *guiltless bloud* through all our *Streets* rebound
A mournful *Echo?* must the *horrid sound*
Of *Axes*, *Whips*, and dreadful *Scourges* tear
Our *aking hearts*, and pierce the *yielding Air!*
All this will be, if *Rome can but prevail!*
Amazement stops my *Speech!* my *Spirits* fail!
I only can in *Interjections* cry,
I sink in *Trances! O! I dy, I dy!*

Sion's *Children.*

AH! how can we with any Patience bear
This sad Complaint? Can any Children hear
Their Mother delug'd in a Sea *of* Grief,
And not step in to give her some relief!
Chear up, Illustrious Spouse, *and be not cast*
Into despair, *by this approaching* blast:
Christ is our Captain, then we may be bold,
In all our storms, he is our Anchor-hold.
But what's this Beast, *of whom thou dost complain?*
Whence came he first? and of what date's his Reign?

Give

Give us his Marks, *that we may surely know him,*
Repel his Pride, *and quickly overthrow him*
With Universal and United Force,
Our Armed Legions *shall impede his* Course.
If God Commands (who do's the Scepter *wield)*
Wee'll fight his Battels, *and dispute his* Field.
In Martial Syllogisms *our Arms shall speak:*
Wee'll storm his Wall, and make his Pillars quake.
A raging Anger in our Bosom burns,
Patience provok't too much, *to* Fury *turns.*

Sion.

THis *Beast* above (*a*) twelve hundred years has bin
My Mortal Foe, he's call'd (*b*) *The Man of Sin,*

(a) *The most diligent and industrious Searchers into the* Epocha, *or Beginning of Antichrist. as the learned* Mede, Alstedius, *Mr.* T. L. *in his Book intituled* A Voice out of the Wilderness, *Mr.* Brightman, Tillinghast, *with several other Eminent Men, seem harmoniously to agree that the Beast began his forty two Months, or one thousand two hundred and sixty (Prophetical) Days or Years, between the years* 365. *and* 455. *and therefore must consequently end in a short time. See Mr.* Mede, *page* 600, & 601. *To confirm which, the witness of the best Chronologers, Historians and Antiquaries concur; as also the po-*

sture

sture of the Worlds Affairs, the unusual working of things, and the awakening Providences of God; which makes us hope, as Mr. Withers *affirms,* That that glorious Revolution will be in this present Age. *And though famous* Du Moulin, *and some Others, speak not of the Popes claiming the Title of* Universal Bishop, *till about the year* 604. *or* 606. *when the Traytor* Phocas *by the help of* Boniface *the* 3d. *murdered the Emperour* Mauritius, *(in requital of which, the Usurper* Phocas *gave the said* Boniface *that blasphemous Title, and decreed that* the Roman Church should be head of all Churches; *Which* Platina *a* Papist, *and a Writer of the* Popes *Lives agrees to; as* Beda, de 6 Ætat. Mundi, Paul. Diacon. rer. Rom. 18. Histor. Longob. lib. 4. 11. Anast. Bibl. Vit. Bon. 3. Ado. Ætat. 6. Reg. Chron. l. 1. Aimon. de gest. Franc. lib. 4. c. 4.) *Yet the same* Du Moulin *seems positively to affirm, that the Persecution of the Church under the* Pope, *shall have an end in (or about) the Year,* 1689. *See his Book entituled,* The Accomplishment of the Prophecies, Pag. 412. *This Term once expired* (saith he) *the Truth that was oppress shall lift up her head afresh, and the* Witnesses *shall be seen to stand up again, who shall astonish the Church of* Rome, *&c.*

(b) 2 Thes. 2. 3. Man of Sin. ὁ ἄνθρωπος τῆς ἀνομίας, *is an* Hebraism, *and imports a person given up to Impiety and Wickedness, as* Pro. 24. 5. אִישׁ דַּעַת vir scientiæ, *a Man of knowledge, that is,* very knowing. 2 Sam. 16. 8. אִישׁ חֲרָמִים, vir sanguinum,

A Man of Bloud, *that is, one arrived at a* non ultra *of impiety.*

This *introducer* of *blind Superstition*,
Is stil'd in *Holy Writ*, (c) *Son of Perdition.*
From Hells *Abyss*, at first he did proceed,
As in the *Revelations* (d) you may read:
'Tis he whom *Daniel* calls (e) *the little Horn*,
By whom three more up by the Roots were torn.

(c) ὁ υἱὸς τῆς ἀπωλείας, Son of Perdition, *is also an* Hebraism, *and denotes, One* designed for destruction, *as a hopeless and graceless wretch.* Chrysost. on 2 Thes. Hom. 3. *tells us, he is called so because he shall be destroyed.* Piscator *and* Erasmus *think it may be expounded*, one desperate, and past all hope of Honesty ---- *the perfect Copy of his Original* Judas, *who is called* the Son of Perdition, John 17. 12. *for he seemed an Angel, yet was a Devil* ---- *he was no Heathen, quitted* Judaism, *followed* Christ, *was an Apostle, seemed to pity the Poor, pretended great affection to his Master*, yet betrays him with a Kiss, *lov'd the Bag, hatcht a Villany able to rend the Rocks, and make the Earth quake* ----- *In which let all impartial men consider whether the* Romish Antichrist *does not exactly* parallel *him*,

(d) Rev. 11. 7. *The Beast that ascendeth out of the Bottomless Pit*, &c.

(e) Du Moulin, p. 379. *amply demonstrates that the portion of the* Roman Empire, *which the* Pope *hath*

hath under him hath ſuch proportion in reſpect of the whole Extent of the Roman *Empire, as there is of* 3 *to* 10, *that is little leſs than the third Part, agreeable to* Dan. 7.8.

The Marks of the Beaſt.

Firſt *Mark.*

THe Spirit aptly does *Characterize*
This *Muſhroms growth*, (*f*) declares he ſhall
Not till a *day of great Apoſtacy* (ariſe
Corrupts true Faith and Goſpel Purity:
Juſt ſo it happened at that very time,
When *Romes* proud *Prelate* did attempt to *climb*
To that *Prodigious Grandeur* which devours
Both *Regal, Princely* and *Imperial Powers.*
That ſuch a Fall as then *Predicted* was,
Did e're his *riſing*, truly come to paſs,
Some Learned *Writers* of their own confeſs,
With deteſtation of their wickedneſs.

(f) *This is one way whereby we may know who the* Man of Sin *is*, viz. He ſhall not be revealed until there come a falling away firſt, *as* 2 Theſſ. 2. 3. *The Revelation of Antichriſt was then to be, when there ſhould appear ſome eminent Defection in the Church. Now Antiquity clearly makes out when that Apoſtacy was; it began very early: It is affirmed by ſome,*

ſome, The Church did not continue a pure Virgin, nor retained her Primitive Purity, longer then one hundred years. But however, all approved Hiſtorians agree, that about the beginning of the Fourth Century, the Apoſtacy of which the Apoſtle ſpeaketh, was viſible, and fully manifeſted: Joan. Wolfius *out of* Jerom, *ſaith,* That about the year 390. the Law periſhed from the Prieſt, and the Viſion from the Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the Church; they condemned Meats and Marriage, and yet gave themſelves up to luxurious Banquets and Uncleanneſs. *In the year* 326. *it was endeavoured in the Council of* Nice, *to cauſe Biſhops and Elders to reſtrain from their Wives. See* Aliſted *in* Chronologia teſtium Veritatis. *Alſo the ſaid* Wolfius *alledgeth a Saying out of* Auguſtine, *applying it to the year* 399. *who ſpeaketh thus:* That Religion about that time was corrupted with Traditions and Humane Rites; that the condition of the Jews under the Law, was eaſier then that of Chriſtians under the Goſpel. Dionyſius *in an Epiſtle hinteth that* they were burdened with Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded and laid upon Chriſtians; *and that* the Sacraments both of Baptiſm and the Lords Supper, ſuffered great mutation, and was grievouſly corrupted. *Alſo we find* Chryſoſtom *declaiming againſt the Biſhop of* Rome, *concerning Purgatory; which thing is applied to the Year* 410. *or thereabouts. Beſides, we find mention made of* worſhipping of Images,

which

which is reprehended by one Amphilocus *Bishop of* Iconium, *as also by* Epiphanius, *whom we find speaking thus:* Whence is this Image-Worship, and Design of the Devil? *And a little after, he saith,* Be mindful, my beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your hearts.

The Second *Mark.*

WHen *Romes* great *Empire* to its Period came,
The *Papal Hierarchy* (*h*) usurpt the same,
By hellish Craft he makes that Seat his own,
And forms *Regalia*'s to a Tripple-Crown.
This Man of Sin in * Gospel-Times we know
VVas but a hatching, and in Embrio;
And e'er he could come to maturity,
The + Roman Empire must dissolved be;
Upon whose Ruines he hath built his Nest,
And rais'd his Rampant Domineering Crest.

(h) *The second thing that was to precede the coming of Antichrist, was the taking away of the Sixth Head,* viz. *The Heathen Empire, which in the Apostles time * did let or hinder his Rise; He that now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then shall that* wicked one *be revealed,* &c. The Empire (*saith* du Moulin) which did bear rule, must be

be abolished, and out of the Ruins thereof the *Son of Perdition* is made manifest, and exalts himself: the Emperors hindred him, but the Empire being decayed in the *West*, and diminished in the *East* by the *Saracens*, the *Pope* found means to seiz upon the chief City of the Empire, together with great part of *Italy*, and to devour the Neighbouring Churches and Realms at his pleasure. Du Moulin, ubi supra, p. 119. *That this was the general Opinion of Antiquity, may be seen in* Tertullian, lib. de Resurrect. cap. 24. Chrysost, 4 Sermon on 2 *Thes.* The Greek Scholiast. in loc. August. de civitat Dei, lib. 20. cap. 19. Iren. 11. quest to Algasia, Lipsius, &c. *He that would see more particularly how the Bishop of* Rome *hath made his Market by the ruine of the Empire, let him read* Signonius *his History of the Kingdom of* Italy: *In the beginning of his third Book he shews how Pope* Gregory *the Second, because the Emperor opposed his setting up of Images in the Church, forbad the People to pay Tribute to him, and not so much as once to name him in their Publick Service,* Du Moulin, p. 157. *This then being out of question, to wit, That the* Roman Empire *whereof* St. Paul *speaks, is already ruined, and that the Bishop of* Rome *thereupon rose to that height of* Pride *and* Blasphemy, *it must needs follow that the* Son of Perdition *is revealed, and that this is he.*

The

The Third Mark.

AT firſt from mean eſtate (1) this *Beaſt* aroſe,
Came from the Earth, and did at length op-
The former *Beaſt*, the *Roman* Empire; he (poſe
By help of *Lombards* chac'd from *Italy*,
Uſurpt his *Seat*, appropriates his *Power*,
And doth the Saints (as bad as he) devour.
Popes Tragicks are the ſecond part of his.
As if that Soul by *Metempſeuchoſis* (2)
Surviv'd, and were tranſlated into this.
Now let all judge if *Antichriſt* become
That ſees theſe *Marks* upon the *Beaſt* of *Rome*.

(1) This Beaſt (*ſaith* Du Moulin) roſe from a ſmall beginning and mean eſtate, ſignified by a *Little Horn* in *Daniels* Prophecy, and in the *Revelations of St.* John by his *riſing out of the Earth*, according as the *Latines* call ſuch as get up from a little, *Terræ Filios*, as *Muſhromes* or *Toad-ſtools*, pag. 259. *Now who is there but knows how mean and poor the Biſhops of* Rome *were, before they came to be Earthly Monarchs? then when they had not one foot of ground, that the Emperour cauſed them to be whipt, impriſoned, baniſhed,* &c. *but by degrees to what a mighty height did he riſe? He exerciſed the Power of the Firſt Beaſt by little and little, he took the Empire upon him,* (2) *ſat down in his very Seat,*

assumed his Habit and Shoes of Scarlet, and counterfeited the actions and rights of the Roman *Empire: casting off his* Crosier-Staff, *he takes to himself a* Crown, *and is cloth'd in* Scarlet, *which was proper to the Emperor: the Emperor had a* Senate *clad in* Scarlet, *and he hath a* Senate *of* Cardinals *clad in Cloth of the same colour, and in many other things he seem'd to represent the* First Beast.

The *Fourth* Mark.

(1.) HE doth exalt himself above all those
Call'd *Gods on earth*, does by his (2) *Bulls*
All Regal Edicts, that receive not their (oppose
Obliging *Sanction* from his *Papal Chair*.
He like a Peerless Potentate does now (bow.
Make Sovereign *Thrones*, and Crowned *Monarchs*

(1.) *This is notorious to the World, though the brevity of Notes admit not room for many Examples.*
(2.) Pius *the Fifth, sent a Bull to depose* Qu. Elizabeth. *See* Jewel's View of Sedition, *and* Cambden's Eliz. 1570. Tom. 1. Gregory *the* 13 *labour'd secretly to ruine her,* Id. ibid. Anno 1378. Tom. 1. Sixtus 5. *gave her Kingdom to the King of* Spain, Anno 1588. ibid. Clement 8. *Strictly commands that none should inherit the* English *Crown, how good soever his Title be, unless they be sworn and resolved* Papists, *his words are these:* Nisi ejusmodi esset, qui

qui fidem Catholicam non modo toleraret, ſed omni ope & ſtudio promoveret,& more majorum jurejurando ſe id præſtiturum ſuſceperet. *Camb.* Ann. 1600. Tom. alter.

(wait

(3.) Some hold his *Stirrup*, (4) ſome are made to Three *Froſty Nights* bare-footed at his Gate.
(5.) Imperial Heads lye proſtrate at his Beck,
And to his trampling feet ſubmit their Neck.

(3.) Pope Adrian 4. *made the Emperour* Frederick 1. *to hold his Stirrup, and chid him for holding the wrong one,* Balæus in Act. Rom. Pont. in vit. Adrian 4.
(4.) Gregory 7. *made the Emperour* Henry 4. *his Empreſs and Child, to wait* 3 *days and* 3 *night, in a* Froſty Seaſon, *bare-footed and bare-legged, before his Gates, before they could get Audience.* Id. in vit. Gregor. 7.
(5) Alexander 3. *Made the Emperour fall upon the ground, in the Temple of* St. Mark *at* Venice, *the whole People being preſent, and puts his Foot upon his Neck, uttering the* Pſalmiſts *words,* Pſal. 91. 13. Thou ſhalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder, the young Lion and Dragon ſhalt thou trample under feet, Id. in vit. Alex. 3. *ſee* 40 *Examples of this in the Learned* Dr. White's Way of the Church. p. 18, 19, 20, 21.

The *Fifth* Mark.

ANother *Mark*, He in Gods Temple ſits,
Boaſting himſelf a God, and counterfeits
True Holineſs; when he aſſum'd the Throne,
There was a Temple (*) of the Holy One
In *Rome*, and did continue ſo, till they
Diſplaced Chriſt, (†) and flung his *Truth* away.

'*Tis expreſly laid down by the* Apoſtle, *as an undoubted* Mark *of the* Man of Sin, viz. That he ſhould ſit in the Temple of God. Chryſoſt. *is very expreſs*, Hom. 3. 2 Theſ. 8. τὸν ἐν Ἱεροσολύμοις ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰς ἐκκλησίας, that is, not in *Jeruſalem* but in the *Church*, ſo Oecumenus, de Rom. lib. 3. cap. 13. *and* Theoph. Theodor. Ambroſ. Primus Anſelm. Severian. apud ipſum. *Beſides it was to be in a City with 7 Hills, and where 7 Kings or Supream Magiſtrates were or had been, which agrees to no City but* Rome, *as is demonſtrated by* Peter du Moulin *and others*; *if it be objected*, that the *Church of* Rome at the time of *Antichriſts* Riſe, could not be the Temple of God, becauſe upon the *Great Apoſtacy* that denomination ceaſes, *it is anſwered* It might be called the Church and Temple of God then, though the Preſence of God and the true Religion and Power of Godlineſs was gone it might retain the Name; as Royal Palaces keep their

their names when ruined; 'tis ſaid, *Iſa.* 1.21. *How is the Faithful City become an Harlot?* Could ſhe be a *faithful City* and a *Harlot* too? The meaning is, ſhe was ſo, but now thus; ſo *Matth.* 11.5. *Mark* 7. ult 'tis ſaid, *The blind ſee, the deaf hear, the dumb ſpeak, the lame walk*, &c. that is, they were ſo, but now otherwiſe; a Woman keeps her Husbands Name though divorced for Whoredom; ſo *Rome*(*) was Gods Temple & Chriſts Church, but when ſhe eſpouſed another Head, and caſt off her firſt Husband (+) and the true Faith, ſhe became an *Harlot* and *Synagogue of Satan*, though bearing ſtill the name of *Church* and *Chriſtian* alſo. See an excellent Treatiſe, Intituled, *The Man of Sin*, *Printed* 1677 *pag.* 40. &c.

The Sixth Mark.

THis is the Beaſt upon whoſe Back the great Inticing *Strumpet* rides in Pompous State(*)
By him ſhe was ſupported all along,
By his Impoſture ſhe was rendred ſtrong.

(*) So he carried me away in the Spirit into the Wilderneſs, and I ſaw a Woman ſet upon a Scarlet colourd *Beaſt*, full of Names of Blaſphemy, having ſeven Heads and ten Horns, *Rev.* 17.4. I will ſhew the Myſtery of the Woman, and the Beaſt that carrys her, verſ. 7.

This *Mark* that (†) Notion throws quite out of (Door,
That says *the* Beast *shall not arise before*
The Desolation of the Scarlet Whore.

(†) *It hath been a received Opinion of some Christians of late times*, that the *Beast* who is the *Antichrist* or *Man of Sin*, shall not arise till the *Whore* is destroyed, *and that* when he comes he shall only Reign 3 Years and a half. *Which Notion may seem strange to all considerate men; because that* Beast *who is of the 7th. and an 8th. all confess is the* Man of Sin: *and how evident is it that this very* Beast *bears up, and carrys the Whore from first to last? Besides, Consider 'tis said, the* 10 Horns of this *very* Beast's shall hate the Whore, and make her desolate, *how could the* Horns *hate or hurt her, if the Beasts rise not till she is destroyed? can there be* Horns *and no* Beast? *And besides, should this Notion be received, it might seem strange that the Holy Spirit passeth by in silence, and takes no notice of this horrid* Monster, *or Succession of* Popes, *that have continued so long, having all the* Marks *and* Characters *so clearly upon him of* Antichrist. *If any should say*, he doth not deny Christ come in the Flesh. *I answer*, In a Mystery he doth, and particularly, in his ordaining of *Sacrifices*, as it was under the Law, which cease all when the *Antitype* came, and by assuming the place of Christs Supremacy and Government.

The

The Seventh Mark.

THe Holy Spirit moſt expreſly ſaith,
In later times ſome ſhall renounce the faith.
That by the Spirit of Seduction led,
Doctrine of Devils through the Earth ſhall ſpread,
That belch out Falſhood in Hypocriſie
And many Thouſands do deceive thereby;
Forbidding Marriage, (*) *and the uſe of Meat,*
Which God ordain'd for every man to eat.

(*) *This is an undeniable Mark of the* Son of Perdition, viz. That he ſhall forbid Marriages, and command to abſtain from Meats, *and who it is that commands to abſtain from Meats, and who it is that ſuffers not his Clergy to Marry, and forbids the eating of Fleſh on ſome certain Days and Seaſons of the Year, is known to all. The Council of* Chalcedon *ſaith* (Canon. Cap. 16.) Ut nec Deo dicata Virgo, nec Monachus nuberit; That no Nun or Monk ſhall marry. Bellarmine *in his* 34. Cap. *of the Book of Monks, ſtiles the Marriage of Clarks and Monks by the name of* Sacriledge; *and affirms,* That they ſin leſs which commit *Fornication* after they have once taken a *Vow,* than they do which Marry; *nay, and in the* 19 Cap. *of the Firſt Book of Clarks, he ſaith,* That the Marriage of Saints is not without ſome Sin, Pollution and Uncleanneſs. *The*

General Council assembled at Trullo, *to make* Canons, *tell us plainly in the* 13 Canon, *that in the Church of* Rome, Whosoever will be a Deacon or Priest, must first protest that he will never any more after that have to do with his Wife, *&c.* — If a man be found to have broke the Ordinance of the Church, by eating Flesh in *Lent*, especially in the Week which they call the Holy Week, the Priest, *saith my Author*, hath no power to absolve him, &c. *This Doctrine of the* Pope, *as 'tis a* Mark *of* Antichrist, *so 'tis expresly called* the Doctrine of Devils.

The Eighth Mark.

HE's not content to be Supream below,
And make all *Scepters* to his *Crosier* bow;
But th' impious Wretch is grown so bold that e-
He dares affront the *Majesty of Heaven.* (ven
What God Commands, this Imp of Hell controuls,
Condemns the sav'd, and saves condemned Souls:
Himself he places in *Jehovah's* (*a*) Throne,
As Chief of all, as Second unto none.

(*a*) He shall oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, shewing himself that he is God, 2 *Thess.* 2. He shall speak great things against the most High, *Dan.* 7. 25. *That the Pope is guilty of opposition to, and exaltation of himself above the Majesty of God, is made appear by divers worthy Writers; the very Life and Soul of Popery*

seems

seems to run in this vein. The Lord *Jesus (saith one)* is made a very Lacquey to the Pope, he changes Times and Laws at his pleasure. *God says,* Thou shalt make to thy self no graven Image, *&c. The Pope takes away that Commandment, and declares* 'tis lawful to worship Images. *The Lord bids us* Search the Scriptures; *the Pope opposeth this, and* forbids the reading of them, nay burns to death those that do read them; and to prevent it, locks them up in an Unknown Tongue. *God* pardons Sins upon Repentance, *the Pope* without, for a Sum of Money. *The Pope* can invest a sorry Priest with power by uttering a few words to make a God, to turn Bread into the Real Body of Christ, and have power over him to do with him what he pleases when he hath done, and he can't deliver himself out of his hands.

A brace of *Keys* he carrys in his hand,
To *shut* and *open* at his own Command.
He *curses* and *absolves*, he *binds*, *releases*,
Puts down, *advances* whomsoe're he pleases.
This is th' *Apocalyptick Beast*, that claims
Sublimest Titles, and Blasphemous Names,
With Matchless Pride, and Peerless Impudence,
He does for Money with Gods Laws dispence
To fill his Purse (O shameless *Avarice!*)
All sorts of Sins he values at a price (*b*)

(*b*) *What Sin is it but the Pope takes upon him to pardon for Money; besides he makes, the detestable Sins of Treason and Murder, if it be done in Zeal, and by his Authority, for the Promotion of the* Pretended Holy Church, *meritorious, Canonizing black and brutish Sinners for Saints, in his Kalendar, he exalts himself above the Word of God, he usurps Gods Seat, by giving what Interpretation to Gods Law he pleases, which he makes of equal Authority with it.*

The

The Ninth Mark.

FAlſe Miracles and Lying Wonders too
This grand Deceiver does pretend to do (*a*)
He fain would make th' abuſed World believe,
That he with Eaſe can make a Dead Man live.
They do ſuch things, their *Sottiſh Legend* ſaith,
As far exceeds all Truth or Humane Faith;
Their Nature, Number, Circumſtances all,
Done by Atchievments Diabolical;
Their Senſeleſs Fables, arrant Fopperys,
Are meer Impoſtures and apparent Lyes.
This is an Engine which the Graceleſs Wretch
Does ſpread abroad, the Sons of Men to catch:
And God lets ſuch thoſe horrid lies believe,
Who Goſpel-Truths would not in love receive,
That they might periſh and be damn'd thereby,
The juſt deſert of ſuch Iniquity!

(*a*) Even him whoſe coming is after the working of Satan with all Power, and Signs, and lying *Wonders*, 2 Theſ. 2. 9. Bellarmin (de not. Eccl. l. 4. cap. 14.) *maketh Miracles* one infallible Sign of the True Church; *and certain I am, the falſe and lying Wonders of the* Roman Church, *clearly ſheweth the* Pope *to be the* Antichriſt, *or* Son of Perdition. *I have not room here to enumerate many of them, only take one or two, by which you may judge of the reſt. One* Becanus's *Head being off, St.* Itas *Prayers made it come poſting through the Air, ſtand by the Body, and ſhe joyned them faſt again, ſo that in one Hours ſpace the Man became as lively as ever he had been in all his life.* St.

St. Anthony's *Arm, that precious Relick at* Geneva, *was kiſs'd and worſhip'd with great Devotion, whilſt* Popery *kept its ground; but when the* Goſpel *came, and the* Relick *was produced, 'twas found the Piſle of a* Stag. Calv. de reliq. prop. initium. *Poſſibly you may have heard of the Wonders that Relick had done; and of* St. Decumanus, *who carried his own Head after it was cut off, to a Spring, and there waſhed off the Bloud from it. A Country Curate,* ſaith Eraſmus, *getting Crabs, and faſtning Candles to their backs, ſet them a crawling up and down the* Church-Yard *at Night, and in the Morning, after he had taken them in again, perſuaded the People that they were poor diſtreſſed Souls in* Purgatory, *you muſt think* ſuch that wanted Maſſes and Almes, *ſaith my* Author; *ye know the Proverb,* No Penny, No Pater Noſter: *a fit Miracle to pick the Peoples Pockets.* Lib. 22. *Jo.* Epiſt. p. 1529. in Epiſt. Edit. Baſil. *A Maid coming into a Garden, and taking a Lettice to eat it, cruſht the Devil between her Teeth in the Lettice; and this poor Devil, ſaith* Du Moulin, *whom ſhe belike ſwallowed down together with the Lettice, being commanded to go out, and checkt by* Equitius, *excuſeth himſelf, ſaying,* Alas! what hurt did I? I was ſitting quietly upon the Lettice, and ſhe came and bit me, the fault was in her for not making the Sign of the Croſs when ſhe gathered the Lettice. *Moreover, theſe ridiculous Impoſtors affirm,* that when the Body of Pope *Formoſus* was carry'd into St. *Peters Church,* all the Images of the Saints that ſtood there, did him Obeyſance; *but above all, the Miracle of the Aſs that left his Provender to worſhip the Hoaſt, ſeems moſt ridiculous to King* James: *ſee his* Apology, &c. *Many of their pretended Miracles were wrought, as Writers intimate, about the* 4 and 5 Century, *and were contrived to confirm the Popes Headſhip and Univerſal Supremacy, together with their idle ſtorys of* Purgatory, Images, Praying for the Dead, &c. *Thoſe that would ſee more, let them read* Du Moulin, *alſo a late Book Intituled,* the Man of Sin.

The

The *Tenth* Mark.

HIs out Side's ſmooth, he's garb'd in Sheeps array,
But inwardly a rav'nous *Beaſt of Prey*.
He has a *Mouth* (*a*) wherewith he ſpeaks great things,
Blaſphemes the *glory* of the *King of Kings*.

(*a*) And there was given unto him a Mouth ſpeaking great things, and Blaſphemys, *Rev.*13.5. And he opened his Mouth againſt God, to blaſpheme his Name and Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven, ver. 6. He ſhall ſpeak great words againſt the Moſt High, Dan.7.25. *This Mark of the Beaſt is apparently ſeen in the Pope, in thoſe Inſolent and Blaſphemous Titles he aſſumes to himſelf; he is called Chriſts* Vicar, *or his* Viceroy *and* Lieutenant. Bellarm. de Rom.lib. 2. cap. 31. Foundation, Head, and Husband to the Catholick Church; His Holineſs, *that can be judged by no Man; though he draw an innumerable number to Hell, who ſhall ſay to him, what doſt thou? What would you think to hear him called,* The Lion of the Tribe of *Judah*, the Root of *David? ſo* Beginus *one of his Biſhops Courted Pope* Leo *the Tenth, and thereupon bad* the Daughter of *Sion* not to weep, *ſaying,* God had raiſed to her a Saviour. *See* Council Later. ſub Leon 10. Seſſ. 6. ap. fur.
He is frequently called by thoſe of the Romiſh *Church,* Our Lord God the POPE. Exter. *Joan.* 22. Tit.14. c. 4.
And as touching his Blaſphemies againſt thoſe that dwell in Heaven, *to wit,* the Saints of God, *'tis evident that they are continually branded for Hereticks Schiſmaticks, and what not.*

The

The *Eleventh* Mark.

'Tis He that aims at th' utter Diſſolution
Of precious Saints, by Bloudy Perſecution,
That does pronounce no Chriſtian fit to live,
Unleſs they do his Beaſtly Mark receive.
Forbids all *Traffick*, none muſt ſell or buy,
Except th' adorers of his *Hierarchy*.
This Mark the Pope doth in his Forehead bear
Of which full proof, is extant ev'ry where,
The Numbers he hath (*a*) murder'd do ſurmount
The ſtricteſt of *Arithmeticks* account.
They ſtain'd each Nation with a Crimſon Floud
And Swelling Current of my *Childrens Bloud*.

(*a*) He ſhall wear out the Saints of the Moſt High, Dan. 7. and cauſed as many as would not worſhip the Image of the Beaſt ſhould be killed, Rev. 13. 5. *We find upon Record, That Pope* Innocent *the* 3. *within the ſpace of a few Months, made more than* 200000 *of the faithful to be ſlain, who they called* Albigeans, *he had made all* Europe *to ſtream with Bloud; in St.* Bartholomews *Maſſacre, in the Year* 1572, *more than* 80000 *were ſlain in cold bloud, ſee* Du Moulin p. 246. 247. The Duke *de Alva* (*with he*) played the Butcher in *Flanders*, and under the ſhew of Catholick Zeal, ſlew Millions of People, *in recompence whereof the Pope ſent hem a Holy Sword and Conſecrated Gloves; beſides the infinite numbers ſlew in other places, by Wars, bloudy Maſſacres, and otherwiſe, of which you will hear more hereafter; ſo that by this time ſure all may conclude* Antichriſt *is come, and that this is he in whom all the Marks and Characters do ſo fully meet, which the Holy Ghoſt hath given of him.*

Sion's

Sion's Sons.

THese Marks are so notorious that we can
Say of the Romish Pope, *He is the Man:*
For these Characteristicks *truly are*
To him (and only him) peculiar.
This raging Monster *is that* Beast *of Prey:*
Shall we arise to take his Strength away?
That hath so long time tyrannized thus
(With Hellish Fury) over thee and us?
Self-preservation *is, by every* creature
Esteem'd a Sacred Principle *in* Nature.
Each Free-born mind, must at those Tyrants spurn
That would infect their Souls, their Bodies burn.
Why should this Beast *still rage and domineer*
As he hath done, without controul or fear?

Sion.

YOu are to wait for Gods great Dispensations,
At whose disposal is the fate of Nations;
His time is best, and in due Season he
Will bring this Beast to his Catastrophe.
He sits in Heaven, and beholds with Scorn,
This Rebels Pride. His glorious Son that's born
Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
Shall surely Reign, because it is his due;
For all to him the Soveraign Rule must yield;
He shall the Crown and Royal Scepter wield:
Nations shall serve him; Kings that have abhor'd
His Name, shall pay him Homage, as their Lord.

To

To *JESUS* all ſhall bow, he ſhall be King,
And to poor *Sion* ſhall Redemption bring.
Till this Beaſts month, and lateſt hour be ſpent,
No Humane Weapon can his Rage prevent.
To ſuffer Perſecution I'm appointed,
Till Inſtruments are choſen and anointed
For my Deliverance; your work's to pray,
And be prepared for that bleſſed day;
When *Babel* falls, and *Sion* is reſtor'd
To height of favour, with her Bleſſed Lord.
The day approaches, and if you would win
Renown by Fighting, then encounter Sin;
That home-bred Foe, which in your Boſome lurks,
And like the Venome of an *Aſpick* works
Through all your Vitals; 'tis the Capital
And grandeſt foe, that would betray you all;
It correſponds with thoſe that do expoſe
To torments, all that with the Bridegroom cloſe;
Till this is conquer'd, I ſhall not ariſe,
Nor be deliver'd from mine enemies.
This Traytor makes my very heart to faint,
And does occaſion moſt of my Complaint;
For by's conſpiring with the *Beaſt* and *Devil*,
I am ſurrounded with the preſent evil.
Beſides theſe Foes of my forlorn Eſtate,
There is another ſtrong Confederate,
The Proud, Imperious and Inſulting *Whore*,
Of whom I made a ſad Complaint before;
She with laſcivious Looks and Wanton Eyes
Prompts on to *Luſt* and all *Debaucheries*;

By

By her *salacious* and *bewitching Charms*
She does intice *Great Men* into her Arms,
Corrupting Princes by her *Incantations*,
Destroys the brave *Nobility of Nations*.
Great God assist me, e're my Spirits fail!
That I the *State of Monarchs* may bewail,
Who to her *Yoke* yield their *Illustrious Necks*,
And move (like *Vassals*) at her *sawcy becks*.
Oh! they that should *My Nursing-Fathers be*,
Are *Executioners of Cruelty*,
By this *Whores influence*, the *Civil Power*
Is made a *dreadful Engine* to devour
The *Saints of God*, and kick at the *Creator*;
But let them know that Sovereign *Arbitrator*
Of all their *Destinies*, is Great and Just,
And can, *at pleasure*, tumble them to *Dust*.
What pity is't that Dukes and Noble Peers,
With other *Heroes*, should for many years
Thus truckle to that Proud, Usurping *Whore*,
And for her sake inslave themselves? nay more
Exhaust their *Treasure*, and debase their *Name*,
And bring themselves to such *reproach* and *shame*,
By thus ingaging in her *Hellish Plots*,
Which fastens on them *Everlasting Blots*.
That shameless *Strumpet*, whose accursed *Wiles*
Trappans the *Conscience*, and the *Soul* beguiles,
When she involves them in the deepest *guilt*,
She does pretend to wash away the *filth*,

By impious Pardons! Yea, to ſuch an height
Does ſhe bewitch Men, that the very ſight
Of *Tyburn*, cannot move them to confeſs,
Their load of guilt and horrid Wickedneſs;
It is her Art, when they are parting hence,
To ſteel their Fronts with ſhameleſs impudence.
When they are drawn to a deſerved Death,
With lyes She makes them to reſign their breath.
She makes them drunk till they forget their fears,
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears;
Who (like ill Angels) round about them hover,
For fear they ſhould her Rogueries diſcover.
When ſome are ſtretcht upon the fatal Block,
And Juſtice ready to diſcharge the ſtroak;
Such is the ſtrength of her Inebriation,
That they (oh horrible!) on their Salvation,
Proteſt they'r innocent! when all the while
No Treaſon ever did appear more vile,
Then that for which Impartial Juſtice hath
Judg'd them (as Traytors, to deſerved Death.
Rome (by their frantick Reſolutions) would
Out-face the Sun, and baffle) if She could)
The cleareſt Proofs, and ſolid'ſt Evidence
Produc'd by Heav'ns unerring Providence.
Ah! Cruel Miſtreſs of deluded Souls!
That's not content to make them arrant Fools
To loſe Eſtates and Lives, but muſt thereby
Make them ſtab Conſcience, when they come to Dye.
She, to encourage Treaſons, does prefer
Thoſe Traytor-Martyrs in her Calender.

SIONS Sons.

This Whore and Beast in Interest are so join'd,
That many puzzl'd are, which way to find,
wherein they differ, pray tell us therefore,
How is the *Beast*, distinguished from the *Whore*.

SION.

(a) The *Pope*'s the *Beast*, usurping over all,
A Power Supream and Magisttraticall;
This Scarlet Beast does in the strictest sence,
Lay claim to Secular Preheminence.
The *Roman* Empire lost the Ruling Seat,
The Pope usurpt it, and from thence grew great,
All Kings that he could by his craft allure,
Receive their Power, and Investiture,

This Whore cannot be the Beast.

(a) 1. *Because the Beast is exprest in the* Masculine Gender, *the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, and the Beast that was, and is not even HE, is the Eight and of the Seven*, i. e. *He came up by means of the Liberty and large Revenues, the Seven Heads*, viz. *The Christian Emperors gave to the Church and Church-Men, though a different and distinct sort of Government to all before it, but Mystery* Babylon *is exprest by the* Feminine Gender, *a Woman a Whore, Mother of Harlots, I saw the Woman drunk with the Blood of the Saints, &c. And when I saw her I wondered, &c.* 2. The

2. *The Angel deſcribes them diſtinct, the one from the other, a Beaſt and Whore, I* John *ſaw them as clearly diſtinct as a Beaſt is from her that ſits upon him, and I ſaw a Woman ſet upon a Scarlet coloured Beaſt,* Rev. 17. 3.

3. *If the Beaſt and Whore were one and the ſame, then the Whore ſets up and rides upon her ſelf; then which nothing can be more abſurd and ridiculous.*

4. *There is as real a difference between the Man of ſin, and the Whore or falſe Church, as is between Chriſt and the true Church: the Beaſt or Anti-Chriſt is the Head, the Whore is the Body; and indeed it was by renouncing the Headſhip and Government of Chriſt Jeſus, and eſpouſing, owning, and ſwearing to the Headſhip and Supremacy of the Pope, that firſt gave the Church of* Rome, *the denomination of a Whore; for a Woman that has Two Heads, Two Husbands can be no other.*

5. *Moreover 'tis evident that the Beaſt ſhall remain though in Captivity, his Power being taken away after the Whore is deſtroyed. And burned with Fire,* Rev. 19. 19, 20. Dan. 7. 26.

From him: the *Whores*, th' (*b*) *Eccleſiaſtick* State,
Or *Romiſh Hierarchy*, that take her Seat
Upon the back of this Ten horned Steed, [bleed.)
(Which gores my ſide, and makes my Children

(*b*) *Though 'tis granted the Magiſtratical Power of Popiſh Kings in large ſence is ſignified by the Beaſt who do ſupport the Eccleſiaſtick State or falſe Church, yet Originally it more ſtrictly reſides in the* Pope, *for by a volentary ſubmiſſion to him: he is become their Maſter, as* Du Moulin, *page* 161. *Obſerves their Crowns being at the Popes diſpoſal, who takes it, and gives it (ſaith he) to whom he thinks good, which things have been Noted by* Buicciardine, *that famous Hiſtorian, in his Hiſtory of the riſes and advancements of the Pope.*

SIONS *Sons.*

SHall we (indanger'd by her Plots) ariſe
To curb this Whore, that our great God de-
Why ſhould her Treaſons any more annoy [ſies?
Thy precious Saints and Nations thus deſtroy,
Lets make her Drink in that invenom'd Cup
She fills for us ſhall ſhe not ſwill it up;
Will none fall on, provok't by flaming ire,
To Eat her Fleſh, and burn her in the fire?

SION.

VVHo inſtrumental in that work ſhall be;
Read well the Sacred Scriptures, you
Rev. Eſa. Jerem. [may ſee
And ſince the matter you do underſtand,
It brings me comfort on the other hand:
As 'twas fore-told in Sacred Scripture ſtory
You are inlightnen'd with the Angels glory;
As for my Children who before did live,
Light from this Angel they could not receive.
My Children brought forth in the latter days,
Shall do great matters to *Jehovah*'s praiſe.
I ſee ſome good men do deſire to know
The time when they this Whore ſhall overthrow;
I cannot blame them for this very thing,
To the whole World it will much glory bring.

Then

Then shall the Gospel through the Earth be spread
And Men instead of Husks shall feed on Bread;
God's Worship shall its freedom then enjoy,
Rome's Locust then shall you no more annoy.
There shall be then a wonderful increase
Of *Sion*'s glory and of *Israel*'s peace;
Then shall my Children in sweet consort sing
Anthems of joy to the Eternal King.
No names then of distinction more shall be,
But speak one Language all they shall agree
In peace and Oneness and blest Harmony.
But to reply to what you have requir'd,
At present you must keep your selves retir'd
Make no attempts untill the Lord on high,
Does give you strength this *Babel* to defie.
You now do seem to lie as persons dead,
As being unable to erect your head:
But then you shall appear to be alive,
The Spirit of the Lord shall you revive:
God hath (*I* know) set down the time exact,
When hee'l begin this strange and dreadful Act,
To the confusion of your Enemies.
When God shall call his Witnesses to rise;
Then from the Heavens, they shall hear a voice,
Which shall make all their Spirits to rejoyce.
Then shall they have so evident a call,
That they straight way shall on this Strumpet fall.
With patience therefore wait upon the Lord,
Until his saving strength he doth afford.
To him you are to make your supplication,
For from him only is my expectation.

O ſigh with me, and in your Spirits groan,
And ſend ſtrong crys up to his gracious Throne:
Give him no reſt till, (in thoſe glorious days.)
Of all the Earth, I'm made the only praiſe.
And I'll lift up my voice to God on High,
And make my moan to him, and thus will cry.

SIONS Prayer.

O Lord of Hoſts, conſider my Eſtate,
Let me remain no longer deſolate.
Have I not been moſt precious in thy ſight?
O do not therefore my Petition ſlight;
O let thy Bowels, to thy Children move,
In tender token of Parental love.
Shall *Sion* totter? And the Beaſt grow ſteady
In his proud Seat? Haſt thou not try'd already?
What ſome advantage, or what Goſpel good,
Is to be hop'd for, from the wicked Brood?
Canſt thou expect they'l ſerve thee better Now?
Are they more like to bleſs the World below,
Then thy Poor *Sion*? If their meaſures be
Repleted brimful of Iniquity,
Then by juſt forfeiture, their right is gon,
To Earthly Power, and Dominion.
Will theſe thy ſaving Goſpel Truths preſerve?
Or in pure Worſhip at thine Altars ſerve?
Will theſe protect the Innocent and good,
And not provoke thee with their crying blood?

Will

Will they make Judgment in right channels go!
Extirpate Vice? Make Righteouſneſs to flow
Like mighty ſtreams? Are they in Covenant
with Thee? Or wert thou ever pleaſed to grant
Them any Promiſes that they ſhould wear
The Sacred badges of thy Name? And bear[men,
The Soveraign Rule? Will Fathers, and young
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honor'd then?
Shall they not rather, by their Barb'rous hands,
Be Butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?
Will not thy Childrens Souls in danger be
Of ſwift Damnation, by *Rome*'s blaſphemie?
If Laud on Earth and Praiſes will be given,
If Hallalujahs will be ſung in Heaven,
To thy great Name, for raiſing *Babylon*,
And bringing *Sion* to Deſtruction:
If then the Door of Grace, be open'd more,
For Mens Salvation, then it was before.
If Sinners acceſs unto the bleſſed *Jeſus*,
Be made more free; if cure of Soul Diſeaſes
Be then more eaſie, then let *Sion* fall.
And *Rome* Uſurp Dominion over all.
But if in ſight of thine all-ſeeing Eye,
Their Monſtrous Crimes are of ſo black a Dye:
If from their very Springing, they have been,
The vileſt Wretches, and the worſt of men:
If for the future they intend to be
The Perpetrators of all Villany.
If their black ſins, of groſs Idolatry,
Pride, horrid Murthers, and Adultry,

Mount up to Heavens great *I*mperial Throne,
If thy oppreſſion makes thy *C*hurches groan ;
If they will burn thy Scriptures and ſuppreſs
All Books that treat of Goſpel Holineſs?
If guiltleſs Souls of every Sex and Age,
Will be made Sacrifices to their Rage ;
If they are Foes, without thy *C*ovenants,
If they will trample on thy precious Saints ;
If they (becauſe thou didſt not hear and ſave
Thy praying *Sion*, from a ſinking Grave)
Deride thy Glory, and blaſpheme thy Name,
And put thy Faithful ones to open ſhame.
Deut. 32. 36.
Then hear O Lord, thou ſee'ſt my power is gone,
*I*n thee *I* truſt, beſides thee there is none,
That can thy *Sion*, from her Foes deliver,
O draw ſome flaming Arrows from thy Quiver
To quel the pride of this oppreſſing *C*rew,
Thy mighty Arm alone can them ſubdue.
On Thee *I* fix an abſolute Reliance,
Do Thou but help, *I*'le bid them all defiance.
Hear and conſider, for thy Mercy ſake,
On gaſping *Sion* ſome compaſſion take.
I have been ranſom'd with the precious Blood
Of thy dear Son, and fill'd with Heavenly Food.
O Lord *I* pray, thy *C*hurches ſins forgive,
And in ſweet concord let thy *C*hildren live ;
Teach them true ſaving knowledge from thy word
That they may worſhip Thee with one accord.
Thou canſt the Proſtrate raiſe, and cure his wound
For nothing difficult for Thee is found. Thou

Thou knoweſt my grief, O Lord incline thy Ear,
Revive my hope, and chace away my fear.
In Achors Valley open thou a Door,
And make me ſweetly ſing as heretofore;
I pray Thee break the Bonds of my diſtreſs,
And lead me from this doleſome Wilderneſs.
O let me ſhine like Sols illuſtrate light,
And be's an Army terrible in fight.
Pull off that Vail that does thy *Sion* cover,
Thoſe clouds, O ſcatter that *I* may diſcover
What thou doeſt mean by this thy diſpenſation,
And what my work is in this Generation.
Its time for Thee to plead thy Peoples cauſe,
When wicked men make void thy righteous Laws.
Thou canſt deſtroy them with their brimful Cup,
And lofty Cedars, by the roots pull up;
But Lord remember for to ſpare thy Vine, [thine,
That ſpreading Plant which thou haſt choſen
Make that to flouriſh and be ever green,
And full of cluſters as before 't has been.
From *Egypt* thou haſt brought it heretofore:
From thence *I* pray deliver it once more,
Let thine hand plant it, give it ſteadfaſt root,
That all the Land may Feaſt upon its Fruit;
O let its Cordial Juice the Nation fill,
And let its boughs o'reſhadow ev'ry Hill;
From Sea to Sea do thou her branches ſend,
And her, from all her Enemies defend;
Make up her Hedge, her Fence, be thou a Wall,
To keep her from the violence of all

Ra-

Rapacious Bears, and from the greedy Boar
that would deſtroy it, and its fruit devour.
Lord from on high thy lovely Vine behold,
thin own Plantation, valued more then Gold;
Canſt thou deny thy helping hand the while
Wild Beaſts thy Vineyard ravage thus and ſpoil,
I am *Chriſt*'s Spouſe, his undefiled One,
Canſt thou permit me to be trod upon;
'Tis by thy Grace I am Intitled ſo,
Great God relieve me, and divert my wo,
I am ſurrounded on all ſides with pain,
O let me ſee thy lovely ſmiles again.
Thou haſt withdrawn the beamings of thy grace,
And wrapt in clouds the ſplendor of thy Face;
O this has caus'd ſuch anxious grief and ſmart,
As tears my Soul, and rends my very heart
To tears of blood, whilſt thou the glorious Sun
Of light art hid: O whether ſhall I run,
For beams of comfort in this doleſome hour?
Whilſt I lye delu 'd in this Briniſh ſhower
More would ſhe ſpeak, but her great paſſion ties
Her mournful tongue: the Flood-gates of her eyes
In chryſtal ſtreams do repreſent an anguiſh,
That makes her vital operations languiſh.
Sunk in deſpairing ſounds, ſhe ſcarce appears
to breath or live, but by her ſighs and tears,

SIONS *Sons.*

Mourn, mourn O Heav'ns; and thou, O Earth [bewail
And weep ye Saints untill your ſpirits fail,
For ſhe that is the glory of the Earth,
Of the moſt Noble and Illuſtrious Birth,
Lyes ſadly weltring in a deep deſpair,
Her grievous ſorrows, can no tongue Declare,
O that our Brethren would, but haſten hither
That in Gods fear we may confer together
You muſt needs grieve, when her complaints you [hear
Do not your hearts diſſolve into a tear?
Do not your Eyes like to a Fountain ſtream?
And all your Joys, turn to a mourning Theme?
Does not your nightly reſt from you depart?
Are you not pierced to the very heart?
Are you not in the depth of bitterneſs,
Becauſe of *Sion* and her ſore diſtreſs?
How can your hearts delight in things below?
How can you ſleep in peace as others do?
How can we comfort have, or Pleaſure find?
Or how can we the Worlds concernments mind?
How can we eat or drink with hearts content,
And not with grief poor *Sions* ſtate lament?
How can we bear our Mothers doleful cries,
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe languiſhes, ſhe dies,
In dreadful Agonies, in bitter pain,
How can we brook her Enemies diſdain?

She

She is reproached by ev'ry Drunken Sot,
And thrown away like to a broken Pot.
She is depis'd and trod upon like Dung,
The Drunkard on her makes his dayly Song:
But *Christ* will turn and will expostulate
The Case with *Sion*, touching her Estate.
Why art thou sometimes up, then down again
Sometimes at ease, sometimes in bitter pain?
They'r doubtless throw's, chear up and do not
For thy deliverance is very near. [fear
Those lab'ring pangs shall speedily be o're,
Fear not, thou shalt not dye, one, or two more
Shall bring that Child into the World, which thou
Hast trave'ld with in bitter pangs till now.
Address thy self to God, for surely he
From these thy Tortures will deliver thee,
'Tis he a lone that brings unto the Birth,
And do's give strength and vigour to bring forth;
Then stay thy self upon this blessed Lord,
His gracious help he will to the afford,
Upon his Promises do thou depend,
And thou shalt see deliv'rance in the end.
These words of comfort like a Cordial wrought
And to her sences, mourning *Sion* brought,
With languish'd looks, she casts a weeping Eye
Upon her Children, and Reiues her crie.

SION.

I Am affraid my God hath me forsook,
My sighs he minds not, scarce bestows a look.
His former pitty, he hath quite forgot,
His Anger's kindled & his wrath is hot; [mourn?
When that burns sore, how can I choose but
How am I spoil'd, how am I rent and torn?
I'm like a Ship with raging Tempest tost
Midst Rocks and Sands, just ready to be lost:
Where ev'ry Bellow does present a grave,
And Death in Triumph rides on ev'ry wave.
Ah! But I am, engraven on his hand,
And in his sight for evermore shall stand.
Awake, O Arm of God, and do not stay,
My sorrows are so great, O say not nay,
Hear me, dear *Jesus*, unto thee I crie,
Unless thou save me, I must surely die,

CHRIST.

IN glorious Regions of approachless light
Where Joys unmixt with perfect love unite;
There do I sit, there do I see and hear
What Kings and Potentates consulting are,
Resounding in mine Ears continually,
I hear a bitter, and complaining cry.

I feel my Bowels with compassion move,
And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love,
She whom I purchased with my dearest blood
Seems drencht in tears and drowned in a flood
Some grievous sorrow, or great tribulation,
Extorts from her this doleful lamentation,
Enough to pierce my tender heart again.
And make the Temple rend once more in twain.
Alas poor *Sion!* thy sad voice I hear,
I'le come and help thee, for I know thy fear,
And what occasions these thy languid Moans,
I know thy sorrow, and I hear thy Groans.
'Tis I can still the blust'ring Winds and Seas,
And in thy greatest Anguish give thee ease.
'Tis I can wound, and cure; I build, I break,
I kill, I make alive; I give and take.
And can (if I think fit) make Nations shake,
And Kingdoms totter, reeling to and fro:
I for thy sake, strange things will quickly do.
In thy affliction, great distress and pain,
Of which thou dost, so grievously complain,
I am afflicted: What they do to thee,
Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me;
I tender thee as th' Apple of mine Eye,
Fear not therefore, thy proudest Enemy.
Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,
All power and wisdom is mine; and *I* know how
To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow.
I will arise and shew my Soveraignty;
*I*le make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly;

Though

Though with the Powers of Hell they have com-
I will purſue them,& they ſhall not find [bin'd
A hiding place my vengeance to avoid,
Till by my fury they be all deſtroy'd.
I will bring down each high and lofty head,
Their mighty ones like Mortar *I* will tread.
Thy cauſe *I*le plead, though ſilent *I* have ſtood,
*I*le be reveng'd for all the Righteous blood,
That has run down like to a Mighty flood.
And therefore now; *I*le make no long delay,
What's due to Juſtice, they ſhall ſurely pay;
Beſides the bloody wrongs thou doſt repeat
The crying Martyrs loudly do intreat
Me to avenge their blood, therefore *I* will
Come down in fury, and thoſe Monſters kill;
Then, thou before me very ſtrong ſhalt wax,
For *I*le make thee my dreadful *B*attle-Ax.
ThyHorn ſhall *I*ron be, & thy Hoof *B*raſs,[race.
With which thou ſhalt tread down the Serpents
ThySons that ſcatter'd o're theEarth throughout,
I will ſoon gather with a mighty ſhout.
The Mighty they ſhall overcome with Slings,
And bind in Fetters perſecuting Kings.
*I*ll lay thy Stones with Colours fair and ſure,
Thy ſtrong Foundation ſhall be Saphyrs pure:
Although *I* ſeem'd to have forſaken thee,
Yet, from all bondage *I* will ſet thee free,
Though *I* have thee afflicted heretofore,
*I*le turn my hand upon the bloody VVhore;
*B*ecauſe thou doſt my holy Name profeſs,
*I*ll break in peices them that thee oppreſs:

Arm'd

Arm'd with Commission from the great *Jehove*,
I will come down and all thy Griefs remove.
All Weapons form'd against my *Sion*, shall
Unprosp'rous prove, for I will break them all.
I'll teach thy Children, give thee lasting Peace,
Converted Gentiles shall the Church increase.
Though wicked Men with words do thee deride,
Thy Borders I'll enlarge on every side.
Each hungry Soul with plenty I will feed,
The Earth I will divide among thy Seed.
I've promis'd that they shall the world possess,
And will perform it now in Righteousness.
I will descend unto my Holy Hill,
The Earth with knowledge *I* will quickly fill.
I will suppress all Luxury and Riot,
The *Heathen* in my presence shall be quiet.
Above all Kings *I* shall exalted be,
And Rule the Earth with Soveraign Majesty.
When all the Kingdoms in the World are mine,
Then thou in Beauty like a Queen shalt shine;
And with thy Children in sweet Consort sing,
Triumphant Hallelujahs to your King.

SION.

O Matchless Grace, and Love beyond degree!
Now *I* am certain there is none like Thee,
In Heav'n or Earth, were there ten thousand more
For thou hast found a Salve for every Sore.

Transf.

Tranſported by thy love, with joy I cry,
My Raviſht Spirit muſt exalt the high
And mighty Lord, by whoſe unbounded grace,
My hearts enlarg'd to run the bleſſed Race;
Thou ſhalt conduct me to thy living Springs:
From thence I'll mount up, as with Eagles Wings,
Unto the Heavenly Mount of Faith's *deſire,*
Where I thy Grace *and* Glory *will admire*;
Then I'll deſcend from thoſe *Abodes* above,
To be embraced in the *Arms of Love.*
I'll hold thee faſt, and never let thee go,
For by *thy loſs*, O what a Depth of Wo
Did I ſuſtain! In what a *dreadful Caſe*
Was I, when thou didſt hide thy *glorious face!*
Thee having, though nought elſe, what have I not?
Without thee, though all elſe, what have I got?
Lord having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
Without thee nothing is of worth to me;
All things are vile --when once compar'd to thee.
To be thy Portion, Lord, thou didſt me chuſe,
And thou my Portion art: I'll ne're refuſe
So rich a Grace: thou art my Heritage,
Thou art a God of Love from Age to Age,
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee,
For thou alone, my Hiding-place ſhalt be.
In time of trouble and of fury great,
I will unto thy Holy Name retreat;
Which is a ſure defence to all that fly
With care and ſpeed from their iniquity.

When I was down, thou lift'st me up on high,
And I thy Name will therefore magnify.
O Lord, with Patience I will undergo
Their indignation, for I well do know
I have provok't thy great and glorious Name,
Which is the cause that I do suffer shame:
Although at present I am low and mean,
Poor and despis'd, and so long time have been;
Thou canst all Sorrows to thy *Sion* bless,
I therefore, in thy Pleasure acquiesce;
I'll wait upon thee, till thou dost arise
To break in pieces all mine Enemies:
My precious Cause then I do leave with thee,
Which thou, O Lord, wilt surely plead for me;
Thy Voice is to my *ravisht Soul* so sweet,
That I'm reviv'd, and *set upon my feet*:
I'll speak thy *Praise in Songs*, because I see
That *Glory* near, which thou hast promis'd me.
And now thou *bloudy Whore*, that art my Foe,
My *time's at hand*, which thou shalt quickly know.
My God has not forsaken me, for now
He will *advance me*, and make *thee to bow*:
Then shalt thou hide (for shame) thy *filthy head*,
Whilst *I*, *in Triumph*, *shall upon thee tread*;
Because so long, thou hast upon me trod,
And in *Contempt* hast said, *Where is thy God?*
He will therefore in Right *retaliate*,
And bring just *Vengeance* on thy cursed *Pate*.

Ba-

Babylon.

POOR Sion! *thou art much miſtaken;*
I'm mounted high, thou art forſaken:
Sure thou art Frantick, *when thou doſt*
Make ſuch a vain and groundleſs boaſt:
The final Conqueſt muſt be mine,
And ſwift Deſtruction muſt be thine;
For all my Wounds I've got a Cure,
From all your Darts *I am ſecure.*
I am arriv'd at height of Bliſs,
My Glory *in its* Zenith *is.*
I am a Queen, *and ſhall remain*
Supream on Earth, *I only reign*
In glitt'ring Grandeur *over all.*
Great Monarchs *Me their* Miſtriſs *call:*
How can I fall, when ſuch a Prop
Supports, as my Lord God the POPE?
All Men on Earth, His Vaſſals *are,*
Who ſits in Peter's *Holy Chair;*
The Empire of the World *he hath,*
He keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.
Doſt think he fears the little tricks
Of thy ſmall brood of Hereticks?
He can make uſe (when he doth pleaſe)
Of Peter's Sword, *as well as* Keys.
His Canons *roar, as loud as* Guns,
To cruſh thy feeble, Pigmy-Sons.

Let but his Bulls *give an* Alarm,
Hee'll make all Christendom *to Arm*
Themselves in my defence, *and work*
Thine Overthrow ; *didst thou not lurk*
Some Hundred Years, *that none could see,*
Or know, what was become of thee ?
He that could rend *thy force asunder,*
Has still the Strength *to keep thee under :*
He will thee in Subjection keep,
So that thou shalt not dare to peep.
Am I not armed with the Power
Of all the Earth ? *I can devour*
Your Int'rest at a *single Mess,*
I have *fit Cooks such* Meals *to dress ;*
Th' Imperial *and the* Regal *Sword*
Are brandish'd when I give the word :
Great Princes, Dukes *and* Nobles *will*
With all their force *My* Mind *fulfil ;*
My Gentry *who brave* Heroes *are,*
Resolved be, no Pains *to spare ;*
Their Very Lives *they'll freely* spend
To bring my Purpose *to an end ;*
My Brisk Mounsieurs, *My* Spanish Dons,
Will over-match *thy silly* Sons :
My Rogues in Grain, *I ready have,*
Obedient like a Turky-slave :
If bid to thrust their bloudy Knives
In throats of Fathers, Children, Wives,
In any's *out their* own *they'll do't,*
And lay them sprawling at my Foot.

I've Teagues *and* Torys *at my Beck*,
Will wring their Heads *as* Chickens *Neck*;
Try'd Villains! that will never ſtart
From Mothers Womb *to tear the heart*
Of Unborn-Infants; *they'll deflour*,
Then rip her up in half an hour:
Faint Rogues *will melt with qualms of fears*
At Fathers Groans, or Mothers Tears;
But mine are void of any Senſe,
Not plagu'd with bawling Conſcience.
To ſome I give no conſtant pay,
Yet they can hunt and live by Prey.
Your Infants that (like Carps) *are ſtew'd*
In their own bloud, their Chops *have chew'd.*
The Fathers Cawls *ſhall make a light*
For thoſe Sweet Banquets of the Night.
What e're my greedy Stomack *craves*,
But Nod, 'tis done, by ready Slaves:
They know no ſcruples *nor* diſpute,
But act juſt like a Turkiſh *Mute.*
Beſides all theſe, I could deſcribe
Vaſt Muſters *of my* Sacred *Tribe:*
My Clergy *makes a num'rous Hoſt*,
That wait in ſwarms in every Coaſt.
Yea, ev'n in all Rebellious Regions,
I have in ſecret *Armed Legions:*
A Great Grandee *my* Enſign *carrys*,
The Jeſuits *are my* Janiſaries.
Thou ſee'ſt what Troops *do guard my* Chair,
What canſt thou do then but Deſpair?

Thou seest me lodg'd in safe abode,
Whilst thou 'rt forsaken by thy God.
Hee's doubtless pleas'd with my behaviour,
For I alone have got his Favour.
Th' Apocalyptick Prophecy
You falsely *do to me apply*;
For I from Sin *am washed clean*;
Thou art the Whore, *he there does mean:*
I am the Church, *and therefore I,*
Thy Threats, *Thy* GOD, *and* Thee, Defie.

Sion.

LEave off, leave off, thou *Bloudy minded Whore*
Imagine not that thou shalt *Evermore*
Thus *Domineer* in *Pomp and Sawcy Pride*,
For God e're long, thy *Rulers will divide*.
Those *Mighty Ones*, in whom is *all thy Trust*,
Long shall not hold, but into *peices* must
Be surely broken: thou shalt *quickly* see
The *swift beginning* of thy *Misery*.
Those that did love thee *most*, will hate thee so,
That they will seek thy utter *Overthrow*;
As was their *love*, their *hatred* then will be,
And *to destroy thee* they will *all agree*.
Thou hast *inslav'd them* to thy *brutish Lust*,
Whilst they (like *simple Fools*) in no wise durst
Offend or cross thy *base* and *bloudy mind*;
That they have been *bewitcht*, they then will find,

By

By thine *alluring Voice*, and *lustful Eye*,
To joyn with thee in *black iniquity*.
Thy *Flatterys* shall *then no more deceive*;
Nor *thy base Whoredoms* Thousands more bereave
Of *inward peace*, and *outward riches*, so
As they have been, to their *eternal Wo*:
Then shall they see thy *Villanous Intent*,
In *setting them* against the *Innocent*.
To *Glut* thy Base Adulterous *Desire*,
Their *sinful hearts* were in a *flaming Fire*,
And through the *Instigation* of the *Devil*,
Became partakers of this *Monstrous Evil*.

But, what approaches? Hark! methinks I hear
Some *Dreadful Noise!* see how the *Mountains* tear
And *Mighty Hills* do into *peices* fly;
Whilst *Lightning* flashes through the *Angry Sky*;
The *Stars* and *Planets* in Confusion hurl'd,
Have banisht *Natures* Order from the World.
See how the Melting *Orbs* of Heaven sweat, (heat,
Like Parchment Parcht, and shrivel'd up with
Loud *Thunder-Cracks* through the *Enraged Air*,
With frightful Aspects *Meteors* do appear,
To usher in the Day of Heav'ns *dread Ire*
On those, who do *against the Saints conspire*.
Gods (long incensed) Majesty is come
To judge the Whore, and pass her final Doom.
Of *Treason* she is under an *Attainder*,
For which *Impartial Justice* will *arraign* her.
She's seiz'd upon, and *in the Jaylors hands*,
Who only waits for *Justices Commands*.

Jehovah bids, that *Babylon* the great
Be forthwith brought before his *Judgement-Seat*

Justice.

MOst Sovereign Lord, who is it dares gainsay
What thou command'st? I must and will obey.
Lo, here I bring the *Scarlet Strumpet* forth
Before thee who created'st Heav'n and Earth:
Thy *Judgment-Seat* she seems to slight and scorn,
Says she's as *guiltless as the Child unborn.*

Jehovah.

HEr *Crimes lay open, and her facts declare,*
Turn up her Skirts and let her faults appear:
Let th'Universe by her Indictment *see*
The cause of my most just Severity.

Justice.

DRead Sov'reign of the World! I will proceed,
And will her *black Indictment* loudly read.
Come forth, *Great Whore!* and hear your dismal *charge*,
Which shall by *proofs* be evidenc'd at large.
By th' Name of *BABYLON* thou'rt hither cited,
And by the Name of *Whore*, thou stand'st Indicted.

Thou

Thou void of *Grace*, and Gods moſt *Holy Fear*,
To *Satans Machinations* didſt adhere;
With him, to plot againſt thy Sov'reign Prince,
To whom thou ought'ſt to yield Preheminence.
In *Ancient times* he was thine only *Spouſe*,
(Our Holy Law no *Bigamy* allows)
Yet thou haſt him perfidiouſly forſook,
And to thy ſelf another Husband took;
And with a graceleſs *Impudence* art led
By thy lewd Train, to an *Adult'rous Bed*.
Thou haſt dethron'd him, and thy *brazen face*
Sets up a *Monſtrous Traitor* in his place,
To whom thou haſt Blaſphemous Titles given,
Exalting him above the *God of Heaven*.
Thou haſt not only playd th' *Adultereſs*,
But plain *Idolatry* thou doſt profeſs;
Of *Treaſon*, *Murder*, *Theft*, (abhorred things!)
Of Burning Citys, poyſoning of Kings,
Of Undermining States, and furthermore,
Of ſpoiling Trade, and making Kingdoms poor,
Of horrid Plots, of cauſeleſs bloudy Wars,
And of contriving cruel *Maſſacres*,
Thou guilty art; thy bloudy Rage has hurl'd
Millions of Innocents out of the World:
Prodigious Numbers have in divers Lands
Been *Sacrific'd* by thy bloud-thirſty hands.
Inſatiate *Butcheries* that know no end!
Thou ſtabd'ſt men, when thou *Pity* didſt pretend.
In times of *Peace* thy horrid rage has ſhed
Bloud without Meaſure, thou haſt murthered

Perfidious

(*Perfidious Wretch!*) thy neareſt Neigbours when
They thought themſelves *the moſt ſecure of men*,
Thou haſt made *Currents of their guiltleſs blood*
To run like *Waters* of a mighty Flood;
So void of Pity, your *inhumane rage*
Deſtroy'd the *Saints*, and ſpar'd no *Sex* nor *Age*.
Speak *Bloudy Whore*, *hold up thy Graceleſs Head*,
Guilty, *or Not?* *By Law thou art to plead.*

Babylon.

LOok down, Bleſt Virgin! and bid Juſtice *ſtay:*
Speak to thy Son *to drive my* Foes *away:*
You Glorious Saints, who near St. Mary *ſtand,*
In my diſtreſs, lend me your helping hand.
All Angels, *and* Arch-Angels *I invoke,*
To ſtrengthen me, and to divert the Stroke:
Theſe Hereticks *will work my Overthrow,*
I am amaz'd, I know not what to do!

Belzebub.

VVHat needs my Darling *thus to ſtand and* (*pauſe,*
Thou know'ſt the Cuſtom of our Romiſh (*Laws,*
Though black as Hell, *yet be not ſo forlorn;*
Swear, that thou'rt guiltleſs, as the Child unborn.
What Violence to Hereticks *you do,*
Is lawful, honeſt, and your Duty too.

Juſtice.

Justice.

PLead *Vile Delinquent!* or thou shalt receive
The *Fatal Sentence* which I am to give.

Babylon.

I *Do affirm the* Charge is false, *and I*
All Points of this Indictment *do deny.*
Produce your Proofs, I'll stand in just Defence
Of my apparent, spotless Innocence.

Justice.

THat like a *Harlot*, of thine own accord,
Thou hast forsaken thine Espoused Lord,
Will be made evident (to thy disgrace)
By clear *probation* in its proper place.
You say, that you your God can daily make,
Which is an Idol of a *Wafer-Cake.*
If thou dost *Shrines* and *Images* adore,
And prov'd to be th' *Apocalyptick Whore*;
If thou upon the *Scarlet Beast* doth sit,
And Lewdness with so many Kings commit;
It clearly follows from these *Marks*, that thou
Art a meer *Strumpet*, and hast broke thy *Vow.*

If

If thou art by the *Papal Edicts* led,
Dis-owning Christ, and making *that* thy Head:
The consequence is clear, for thou must be
Guilty of *Whoredom* and *Idolatry*.
And to examine thy Notorious Deeds,
This great *Tribunal* out of hand proceeds:
Call in the Witnesses ----

Waldenses.
Albigenses.
Protestants of *Piedmont.*
Savoy, &c.

------*Dread Lord! we're here,*
And with our just Complaints *do now appear.*
That Bloudy *Whore*, the *Pris'ner* at the *Bar*,
Has follow'd us with a perpetual War,
Because we would not to her Idols *bow,*
Nor her curs'd Edicts *and* base pranks *allow.*
About the dismal Year of *Fifty Five*,
A *dreadful Massacre* she did contrive
Within the Territories of *Savoy*,
Where thirty Thousand Souls she did destroy
In three days time, Curs'd *Edicts* bid them turn
To *Popery*, or they must hang or burn.
Which when those *Innocents* refus'd to do,
Most horrid *Execution* did ensue; (beaten
Our Brethrens Brains out of their Heads were
And by her Imps were fry'd and after eaten:

Our

Our Children rent to peices, thrown to Dogs,
And our dear Paſtors flung (as Meat) to Hogs;
Others on Pikes into the Air were toſt,
And many others they alive did roaſt; (hearts,
Some ty'd with Ropes they pierc'd unto the
And hung up others by their *Secret Parts*.
Houſes and Barn-fulls they have burnt, ſo that
Our *Suff'rings* are beyond an *Eſtimate*.

Bohemia.
Germany.
Poland.
Lithuania, &c.

TO ſatifie this cruel *Strumpets* Luſt,
Some Thouſands have been turned unto duſt:
Our Towns and Famous Cities of Renown
She hath diſ-peopled, burnt or broken down:
The Ruins ſtill appear and deſolations
In many places of our *Spoiled Nations*.
Great Multitudes un-numbred were our Slain
Which in the Field unburied did remain:
Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam
And then conſum'd them in a lingring flame.
Some ſhe has into boyling Cauldrons put,
And many others into peices cut,
Without reſpect unto the *Hoary* Head,
Into their *Throats* they powr'd down melted *Lead*;
And many other deaths ſhe did contrive:
Some burned were, and others flead alive.

Into

Into deep *Mines*, three thousand Souls and more,
At several times were tumbled by this *Whore*;
Because they would not their *Religion* leave,
And unto *Romish Superstitions* cleave,
That worthy Man *John Huss*, was burn'd to *death*,
For owning of the *Apostolick Faith*;
Jerom of *Prague*, to fill her *Measure* up,
She made, soon after, drink of the same *Cup*.
'Twere endless to enumerate our grief:
From thee, *Just Judge*, we do expect Relief.

France.

AH! How shall I my inward grief disclose!
What *Tongue* is able to recount my Woes?
Prodigious Numbers of my *Natives* have,
By this *Whores* means, found an untimely *Grave*.
The barb'rous *Harlot* would not be content,
To kill or drive them into *Banishment*;
But with unheard of *Cruelty* she must
Their Bodys *mangle*, to assuage her *Lust*;
Some hang'd in *Water*, yield their strangled *breath*;
Some brain'd on *Anvils*, some were *starv'd to death*;
Some hall'd with *Pullies*, till the *Top* they meet
With heavy Weights and Loads upon their feet.
Rap't Maidens stab'd, poor Infants yet unborn,
From Mothers Wombs by *bloudy hands* were torn.
How many thousand *guiltless Christians* were
Butcher'd in the *Parisian* Massacre?

Some

Some broke on *Crosses*, some were cut in twain,
Whilst others languish in a lingring pain.
Our Worthy Kings have lost their *Noble Lives*
By *Jesuits Poysons*, and by *Monkish Knives*.
I can produce an uncontroull'd *Record*
Of many Thousands Murder'd by the *Sword*.
It would require whole *Volumes* to transcribe
The *bloudy acts* of this *Infernal Tribe*.
Deep dolour hinders what I would say more!
O *Glorious Judge!* avenge me on this *Whore*.

Italy.
Spain.
Portugal.
Low Countrys, &c.

REnowned Judge! those *Witnesses* that have
Their *Grief* presented & do *Judgment* crave,
Save us much labour, for we heretofore
Have felt the same, from this bloud-thirsty Whore.
Besides, being next her *Seat*, and neer her *Power*,
Her *greedy Jaws* our *Brethren* did devour
With cruel Spite, and *without intermission*,
We have been tortur'd in her *Inquisition*.
No *Tongue* can speak the *unexampled terror*
Of that curst Pattern of *Infernal horrour*.
They count it mild, when they our *Persons* burn,
And *Wives* and *Children* into *Ashes* turn; (cut
They say they're *courteous* when our *Throats* they
Or when in *Dungeons* (vile as *Hell*) we're put.

They

They say they favour us, when they employ
Their Daggers, Pistols, Axes to destroy.
In lingring flames they did our Brethren roast,
On Halberts tops we saw our Infants tost:
All this we 've suffer'd, and a Thousand more,
And that by means of this Infernal Whore.

Ireland.

COuld deepest grief receive Additions, I
Would give Examples of her Cruelty.
I can her in more monstrous colours draw,
Than Bloudy *Nero*, or *Caligula*.
Those horrid Tortures which my Brethren say
She exercis'd on them, the same I may
Affirm t' have suffer'd, by the instigation
Of this vile Strumpet, whose Abomination
Stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation.
Her cursed Priests, when first they did begin
Our Massacre, proclaim'd it was a sin
Unpardonable, if they durst to give
Quarter, or our Necessities relieve;
Some they stript Naked, then they bid them go
Through Bogs & Mountains, in the Frost & Snow
Men, Women, Children, then were butchered,
And all that spoke our Language punished;
The very Cattel, if of *English* breed, (feed.
They slasht and mangled, that they could not
With joy, that *Romish* and rebellious Brood
Have wash't their hands in Marty'd *English* bloud.

Thou

Thouſands of naked Proteſtants that fled
From theſe *Barbarians* have been famiſhed.
Their faithleſs Gentry, that pretended love,
Perſwaded th' *Engliſh* that they would remove
Their Goods to them; Yet (once poſſeſſion got)
They (like perfidious wretches) cut their Throat.
Numbers of naked Women they did drive
Into a Barn, and burnt them all alive.
Each Sex and Age, that could not from them fly,
Did by theſe Blood-hounds, without mercy die.
Once at the fatal Bridge of *Portladown*,
A thouſand Souls theſe Miſcreants did drown;
A couple (with five Children) firſt they hung,
And in a Hole th' expiring bodies flung;
The youngeſt on the Mothers breaſt did ſtick,
Cries, *Mammy*, *Mammy*, yet is buryed quick.
Some hackt to pieces, travailing Women ſtrip'd,
And half-born Infants from their bellies rip'd!
Which (with their Mothers) hungry Dogs did eat,
And Swine fed on them, as on common meat.
When ſome poor Souls in burning Houſes Cry,
The Villains ſaid, *How ſweetly do they Fry!*
When holy Scripture in the flames did caſt,
They cry, *'Tis Hell-fire*, and a lovely blaſt;
That bleſſed Book, when ſome have trampled on,
They cry, *Plague on't, that has the miſchief done.*
They made poor Wives, their Husbands blood to ſpill,
And trembling Youths, their aged Parents kill.
They forc'd the Son to ſtab his Deareſt Mother,
And then one Brother to deſtroy the other.

Some they put fast in Stocks, then teach a Brat
To rip them, and make Candles of their Fat.
How many Virgins did they Ravish first? (thirst!
Then with their Hearts-blood quench their eager
Some they did bury just unto the Head,
And left them on surrounding Grass to feed.
Stuck fast on Tenter-hooks, grave Matrons were,
And Virgins hang'd up in their Mothers Hair.
Some, with their small Guts, were forc'd to run
About a Tree, until their Life was gone.
The Mouths of godly Ministers they cut
Unto their Ears; betwixt their Jaws they put
A monstrous Gag, then with a Romish Scoff
They bid them *preach*, *their Mouths were large e-*
In these furies brag'd, that (to their joy) (*nough*
They did Two hundred thousand Souls destroy.
We therefore pray, as others did before,
For a just Sentence on this bloody Whore.

Scotland.

O Monstrous horror! Oh abhorred sink
Of Villany! O bloody Throats that drink
The Bloods of Innocents! which oft they quast
As freely as a common Mornings Draught!
Thousands of mine were butcher'd by this Whor
In that poor Nation, that has spoke before
The sufferings of my guiltless Natives, were
Equal with theirs in every little there.

Yet this blood thirsty Curtezan of *Rome*,
Was not content, but torturd me at home. (nished,
Some burnt, some hang'd, some scourg'd, some ba-
Some drown'd, and some in Dungeons murdered.
A sinking Grief forbids me to inlarge,
Or else with ease I'd aggravate her charge.
Since Gospel Light did in my Borders shine,
She thirsted to destroy both me and mine.
Her Imps all parts, like filthy Locusts fill,
And such as they cannot delude, they kill.
Her Wolves put on the Habit of my Sheep,
And in their Folds destroy them as they sleep.
They have an art to work upon the weak,
That they Gods Order should in pieces break;
Under pretences of refrom'd Devotion,
They instigate the Rabble to Commotion;
That in those troubled Waters they may fish,
And bring about their long expected wish.
Their cursed Politicks have been employ'd,
To ruin those that they have so decay'd.
A thousand Forgeries they do invent,
To charge their Plots upon the innocent:
That (whilst they act the Rogues in Masquerade)
Poor guiltless Saints the Victims may be made.
Thus have I open'd something of my Grief,
And from the Judge expect a quick relief.

England.

HAd I as many Tongues at my commands,
As *Argus* Eyes, *Briareus* Hands;
I scarce could in a Century express
One half of my unspeakable distress!
In every Age I had some Sons of Light,
That would discover *Romes Egyptian* Night;
Yet they no sooner on the Stage appear,
But that her Setting Dogs, like Blood-hounds, we
Upon the scent, and never left pursuit,
Until to death they did them persecute.
My Royal Edicts this bold Whore has broke,
And on my Neck clapt her Tyranick Yoke.
Vast Treasures from my Natives were extorted,
And to inrich her Exchequer transported.
Prodigious Sums she yearly squeezed hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annales, Peter-pence.
And though each Land where she her Triumphs l
Whose swarms of Locusts Priests and Friers w
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*)
Were faithful slaves still to promote her work.
Whilst to maintain these Drones, she swept awa
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.
Such as would not be by her Witch-craft led
Were tortur'd, murher'd, burnt or massacred.
The Papal Beast could in a Frollick tell,
I was his Fountain inexhaustible.

She planted Priests, and Ganimedes she rooted,
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted;
With such a pest of vile Debaucheries,
As Pagans, Turks, and Infidels outvies.
She crushes any that her Acts opposes;
My Kings she Poisons, Murders or Deposes.
Some she deludes her Sov'raignty to own,
And does instruct them to betray the Crown.
Her lurking Imps do menace me with storms,
Like *Egypts* Frogs in pestilential swarms.
She is so greedy nothing will suffice,
Unless I'm more a general Sacrifice.
'Tis known to all the Earth, how many ways
She martyr'd Protestants in *Marian* days.
Then was I made a dismal Field of Blood,
Which ran like currents of a swelling flood.
She stirs the *Spaniard* in a great bravado,
For to invade me with his proud *Armado*.
The hellish *Powder Treason* she prepares,
At once to blow up Commons, Kings and Peers.
Her hellish Brands (without a spark of pitty)
Consum'd to Ashes my Imperial City.
Nought but my Ruine her can satiate,
My Justices she does assassinate.
For many years she has been carrying on
A damn'd Intreague for my Destruction.
And all the ways that Satan prompts her to
Contrive my fall, she's ready still to do.
Her spite and malice nothing will abate,
Is still more deadly and inveterate.

Dread Providence shall ever have my thanks,
That has discover'd her infernal pranks;
Yet I am still in danger, and therefore
Do beg just sentence on this bloody Whore.

The Evidence summed up.

O Gulph of horror! O profound Abyss!
Was ever mischief half so black as this? (press
Thou monstrous Whore, what Language can ex
The boundless measure of thy wickedness.
Throughout the Earth thou hast such mischief
As is amazing to a humane thought. (wrought
It would compel a heart of stone to melt,
When it revolves what *Protestants* have felt.
Thy bloody fury and infernal rage,
Has persecuted them in every age.
Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies,
And all the tortures which thou could'st devise,
Thou didst inflict, as testimony shows, (Toes
Some thou didst hang by the Head, some by th
Some millions thou didst burn and broil on Cole
And others starve to death in stinking holes.
Some thou didst cut to pieces very small,
And Infants Brains didst dash against the Wall.
Upon their Bodies thou didst tread like dung,
Thou hadst no mercy upon old or young.
By thy curled crew were Women ravished,
Who then (like Butchers) knockt them on the hea

Some had their Eyes and Tongues by thee pull'd
Some were made harborleſs, and forc'd about (out,
To wander, till in Woods and diſmal Caves
They found their woful and untimely Graves.
What rocky heart but juſtly may admire
Thy rage, that made poor Children to ſet fire
To fatal piles in which their Parents dear
In cruel flames conſum'd to aſhes were.
Thy wicked Agents have ſome Millions ſlain,
Who did endure the moſt inhumane pain.
Thy Biſhops, Monks, and Fryers could deviſe,
Whoſe blood to me for ſpeedy Vengeance Cries.
The waies thou tookſt to run a Soul from error
Was unexampled fleſh-amazing terror
Of horrid Racks whereon a man muſt lie,
Tortur'd to death, and dying cannot die.
Accurſed Wretch, didſt thou not give Commiſſion
For to erect thy bloody Inquiſition;
That loathſom Dungeon and moſt ghaſtly Cell,
A place of horror repreſenting Hell,
Where nothing is ſo plentiful as tears,
Where Martyr'd Proteſtants can find no ears
To hear their Cries and lamentable moans,
Nor Hearts to pity their extorted groans;
Where Saints in torments all their daies muſt ſpend,
Not knowing when their ſuff'rings will have end.
Thouſands by thee were in *Bohemia* ſlain,
Whoſe Carkaſſes unburied did remain.
Thou madeſt thy Vaſſals fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs penalty than their Damnation.

Didst thou not promise upon that condition
To give them full and absolute remission,
The vilest wretch that on the Earth has stood;
You fully pardon'd, if hee'd shed the blood
Of one *Bohemian*; O stupendious rage!
Not to be parallel'd in any *Age*,
But by thy self, 'twas judg'd *De Alva*'s Crime
That he destroy'd no more in six years time
Than eighteen thousand souls; were they so few
In the accont of this blood-thirsty Crew!
But if the Wretch (*De Alva*'s) bloody Bill
Come short in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with torments; dreadful to rehearse,
The very mention cannot chuse but pierce
A Marble heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over-little still,
His Predecessors did inlarge the Bill:
For from the time thy hellish Inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
By cruel torments (which they still retain)
There were a hundred fifty thousand slain,
From that black season when the hellish rage
Of Jesuits acted on th' *European* Stage
In *England*, *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
By thy accursed bloody hands were slain
Nine hundred thousand souls, or thereabout,
(E're many years had run their circuits out)
Of poor *Americans* by cruel *Spain*
In fifty years were many Millions slain.

The

The poor *Waldenſes* whoſe enlighted eye
Thy filthy Whoredoms quickly did eſpye.
Thou haſt with raging Perſecutions rent
And murder'd Parents with their innocent
And harmleſs Babes; thy more than barb'rous crew
Their curſed hands did in their blood imbrue;
At once were eighty Infants famiſhed,
And many thouſands baſely Murthered.
When ſome have fled unto obſcureſt Caves,
Thy Villains made their hiding place their Graves.
What part of *Europe* now can make their boaſt,
And ſay they have not taſted (to their coſt)
Of thy Malignity? What ſhall I ſay
Of *Germany*, whoſe Martyr'd Spirits pray
For ſpeedy Vengeance on thy curſed head?
That Sea of blood thou haſt in *Ireland* ſhed,
Cries night and day for Juſtice; now I fix
My ſerious thoughts upon black ſixty ſix,
Thou bloody Strumpet, how canſt thou repair
The loſs of *Englands* great Imperial Chair;
How many rich men were to beggars turn'd,
When that brave Iſles, Metropolis was burn'd
By thy accurſed Imps, Fire-brands of Hell,
Incarnate Devils without parallel.
Brave Merchants of their great Eſtates bereft,
To day Rich men, to morrow nothing left;
Their Wives and Children harbourleſs became,
Their ſubſtance all conſumed in the flame.
But to conclude, I have not yet forgot
Thy Powder-Treaſon, nor thy modern Plot,

Nor all thy dismal Villanies that were
Done in the *Merindolian* Massacre.
Should I but recapitulate thy charge,
And speak of all thy Rogueries at large
'Twould fill vast Volums; Often did I see
The Lord of Life was Crucify'd by thee
When his dear Members blood by thee was shed,
Millions unnumbred basely Murthered.
Yet still thou hast the impudence to say
That thou art innocent unto this day.
Thou shameless Curtezan, didst thou not run
With filthy Panders, and renounc'd the Son
Of Glory, this did thine Espousals break;
Canst thou deny it, shameless Strumpet, speak.

Babylon.

I am the Mother Church, and hence deny
That filthy name I am indicted by.
The odious Epithets of Scarlet Whore,
Is daily laid unjustly at my door.
I am Christs Church, his Spouse and only love,
His undefiled one and spotless Dove.
Pray then forbear the Sentence, look about
To find that Whore and grand Deliquent out.
Bold Hereticks, who never would adhere,
To the true Faith and Apostolick Chair.
Have born my just rebukes, some more, some less,
As was their Pride, Rebellion, Wickedness.

Judge.

Judge.

THou graceleſs Wretch, thou art bereft of ſhame,
How darſt thou thus deny thy proper name.
Chriſt's Church, his Members never did annoy,
Nor perſecute, and millions thus deſtroy.
'*T*is to no purpoſe for thee to diſpute,
For all thy Forgeries I can confute.
I am thy Judge, and never will paſs by
*T*hy horrid Acts, and bloody Villany.
*T*he times at hand when I'll fulfil my word,
And in juſt fury draw my glittering ſword.
My frown ſhall make thy proud foundation quake,
And all the Pillars of thy Houſe I'll ſhake.
Doſt think becauſe I did forbear ſo long,
That I'll revenge not my dear Childrens wrong.
What I reſolve to do or will command,
No Pope nor Devil can the ſame withſtand.
He that preſum'd great Monarchs to depoſe,
Shall ſoon be tumbled down by ſome of thoſe
Whom he ſo cruſht; from Hell he did aſcend,
And thither ſhall be flung down in the end.
He'll ſurely fall and never riſe again;
The hope thou haſt of him is therefore vain.
There's no recalling of the Sentence gone,
Thy Execution day approaches on,
Thy Pardon-Merchants then ſhall cry and howl,
And thy Deſtruction (in this ſort) condole.

H

'Illustrious City thou wert great and fair,
'Most brave and sumptuous, ev'n beyond compare.
'Alas! how quickly are thy Judgments come,
'Thy fall, thy ruin, and thy final doom.
'Our Trade is gone, our gainful Merchandize
'Is lost, and no man does regard our Cries.
'O sad Destruction! we are all undone,
'What shall we do, or whither shall we run?
'O that the Mountains and the Hills would cover
'Us, till the Vengeance of the Lord be over!

Truth.

MOst glorious Judge, since this bold Whore denies
Her filthy lewdness, and Adulteries,
Let me but prove it, and proclaim her shame,
'Tis known that I a faithful Witness am.
It has been Evidenc'd by Vision clear
That some strange Monster should on earth appear,
Which by imperfect views did first amaze
Segacious minds when they on it did gaze;
Which made mens Judgments to divide asunder
To see an Object of unusual Wonder,
A Woman! City! and a scarlet Whore!
The like on Earth was never seen before.
A Woman in her pompous glory dreft,
And sitting on a Monstrous Horned Beast,
Who it decypher'd by prodigious things,
His very Horns (explain'd) are Crowned Kings.

And

And then this mighty wonder to compleat,
She's plac'd on a Seven-hilled Seat;
She's ſtiled a Woman, and a Whore, becauſe
She once ſubmitted to Enacted Laws,
As other women do, when they do wed
A Husband, and enjoy a Marriage bed.
And who this Woman is, ſhall now be known,
Her proper Title is (Great *Babylon*)
Who in great Pomp and Royal State doth ride,
Excelling haughty *Jezebel* in Pride;
Who in our modern times hath boaſting been,
That ſhe Rules all men as a mighty Queen,
Trampling on Kings and Crowned Potentates,
Commanding Kingdoms, Common-wealths, and States,
Requiring Subjects blindly to obey,
Preſſing the Beaſt, and Horns, to kill and ſlay
At ſuch a rate, as that all Chriſtendom
Like Butchers bloody Shambles are become.
If by this Mark ſhe is not underſtood,
Neither by Garb, Beaſt, Actions, or by Blood,
To other waies of proof, I'le quickly come
And ſhew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.
The Woman which th' Apoſtle *John* beheld
Array'd in Purple, and in Pomp upheld
By that blaſphemous, ſcarlet colour'd Beaſt
That was with Gold and Stones of value dreſt:
Holding a Cup full of Abominations,
And black pollutions of her Fornications;
That with great Kings Adultery commits,
And on a Sev'n-hill'd Habitation ſits,

The holy Angel of the Lord explains * Rev. 17. 18.
That 'tis that City which so proudly Reigns
Over the Kings of th' Earth; but all these Notes,
And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,
With Papal *Rome*, exactly do agree,
She therefore must this bloody Strumpet be.
If all the Marks that of this Whore are given
Will not meet any where so plain and even
As on the Church and People I did name,
Then certainly She is the very same;
First, then 'tis evident that there is none
May be so fitly stiled *Babylon*.
Was *Babylon* a People of Renown
To that same height the Church of *Rome* is grown.
Had *Babylon* a great and peerless King?
This Church can shew an Image of that thing.
Did *Babylon* poor *Israel* Invade?
This Church on *Sion* the same Invades made.
Did *Babylon* make *Salem* desolate?
This hath brought *Sion* near to that Estate.
Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their Tears,
Shake Kingdoms, and fill Peoples hearts with fears?
This Church hath done so; yea, and far out-done
Her Arch-type, and so beyond her run.
Did *Babylon* the Prophets bear away
Into Captivity, and make a prey
Of all the Treasure that her hand could find?
This Papal Church is not a whit behind.
On th' ablest guides she laid her hellish hands,
Confining them to Prison under Bands;

As if 'twere not enough for her to do,
She seiz'd their Persons, and their substance too.
Did *Babylon* God's Worship over-throw,
Set up an Idol, and command to Bow? (more,
This Church hath done the same, yea, and much
Fill'd heaped measure, and much running o're.
'Twas she that took the Word of God away,
And by a String of Beads taught men to pray.
She rob'd the Layety of the blessed Cup,
And spoil'd the Feast where Children come to Sup,
At the Lords Table where they us'd to mind
The blessed things their Saviour left behind.
She did set up her Superstitious Mass,
As rank an Idol as yet ever was,
Commanding adoration to be given
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;
Imposing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions,
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her Dictates are Infallible.
Did *Babylon* the burning Work begin?
Make a hot Furnace? Thrust Gods Worthies in?
This Church herein hath driven such a trade,
That thousands, broiling Martyrs she hath made.
She sets the Pope above the holy one,
The great *Jehovah* and his blessed Son.
'Tis she declares him Universal Head,
'Tis she forbids the *Bible* to be read.

'Tis

'Tis she that first did from the Faith depart,
'Tis she that wounded *Sion* to the heart.
'Tis she hath been the occasion of all evil,
'Tis she advanc'd the Doctrine of the Devil.
'Tis she that taught her Sons to swear and lie,
To vouch great falshoods, and plain truths deny.
'Tis she that did forbid the Marriage Bed,
Whilst her vile Clergy such ill lives have led
Was it not she that Canon did create,
Commanding plainly to abstain from meat,
Which God gave licence unto all to eat.
If from this charge she can her self defend,
Then may she make the Judge and Law her friend
Or if she can produce another tribe,
To whom we may this Character ascribe;
With greater clearness than we do to her,
We will consent her Sentence to defer.

Judge.

Rome, since thou canst not make a fair defence,
And shew to all the World thine innocence.
'Tis very evident that all these things,
Have been fulfilled on Kingdoms and their Kings
And now if there no other People be,
That did the like, then thou alone art she.
Let thy denials trouble men no more,
Thou only art the bloody scarlet Whore.
Therefore in Justice I at length am come,
(Being long provokt) to pass thy final doom.

The Sentence.

ROME *Thou haſt been Indicted by the Name of* Myſtery, Babylon, Mother of Harlots, Scarlet-coloured Whore, *and* Falſe Church, *or* pretended Spouſe of Jeſus Chriſt. *And found guilty of all theſe horrid and prodigious Crimes, following:*

Thou didſt firſt fall from the Holy Religion *of God and his Son, which were eſtabliſhed, and profeſſed in the* Apoſtles *time. Thou didſt ſet up the vile Monſter the* POPE, the Man of Sin, *that foul, Blaſphemous* Beaſt. *Thou didſt moſt ſacrilegiouſly give thoſe Attributes and Titles to him, that belong to* Jehovah *and the Great* Emanuel. *Thou mad'ſt his Decrees in Wicked Counſels, above the Laws of God, (the Univerſal Sovereign) Thou haſt made void the Laws and Conſtitutions of the Goſpel, forming whole Nations into Churches, though the greateſt part do ſhew themſelves the worſt of Men. Thou haſt made Nurſeries of* Prieſts *and* vile Men, *and impowered them to take Confeſſions for Money, and forgive Sins. Thou haſt hypocritically abuſed all ſorts of People, by perſwading them that thou haſt power to heal their ſouls here, and help them hereafter, by which curſed frauds thou haſt drawn a great part of the Riches of* Europe *into thine unhallowed hands. Thou haſt laid* Cloſe Siege *to the Courts of Princes, and drawn them into the higheſt ſtrains of Wickedneſs,*

neſs, to commit fornication, promote Idolatry. and take away the lives of Innocents. Thou haſt layn in wait (where they would not fulfil thy bloudy and barbarous Luſts) to contrive Treaſons, Sedition and Rebellion againſt them, to Depoſe and Murder them by Excommunications, Poyſons and Powder-Plots. Thou haſt corrupted all Countrys and Kingdoms (where thy power extended) by ſuch downright and abominable Ieolatrys, that Heathens themſelves were never guilty of worſe. Thou haſt not only countenanced Stews and Brothel-Houſes, where abominable Sodomy and Adulteries are practiced, but even thy very Nunneries are become Habitations of Whoredom and Filthineſs, the bottoms of whoſe Motes and Ponds, have ſhewed the Murders of New born Babes. Thou haſt killd the beſt Men; thou haſt not ſpared delicate Women and ſucking Children. Thou haſt made away many Millions both of Chriſtians and poor Heathens. And after ſo Helliſh a ſort, that the beſt learned Heart and Tongues want Rhetorick to ſet it forth; Thou haſt cut them to peices in Cool Bloud, thou haſt chained to Stakes and burnt them. Thou haſt ripped up Women with Child, and Raviſht Women and Maids ---- and then haſt barbarouſly ſlain them ---- Thou haſt been guilty of burying alive, Roaſting upon Spits, ſcalding with burning Oyl and boyling Lead ---- Blowing their Heads in pieces with Gun-Powder; thou haſt made Women Widdows, Children Fatherleſs; Houſes and Villages, Towns and Cities without Inhabitants. Thou haſt

deſtroyed

deſtroyed by Fire and Sword and all manner of Hoſtilities and Outrages. Thou haſt fomented Wars betwixt Kingdoms and Nations. Thou haſt done thy endeavour to make all men ſlaves, but thy own accurſed Tribe of Cardinals, Arch-Biſhops, Biſhops, &c. *Thou haſt Murder'd multitudes of Souls, as well as deſtroy'd multitudes of Bodys. In ſhort, thou haſt filled the Earth with Corruption, and loaded it with Oppreſſion, and ſtandeſt in the way of its promiſed Deliverance and Reſtitution. And for all this* Apoſtacy, Oppreſſions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Treaſons *and* Blaſphemies, *with the guilt of a mighty* Maſs of Innocent Bloud, *which hath been proved againſt thee, and from which thou canſt not defend thy ſelf, and for which, both by the Law of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughteſt to ſuffer, thy* Sentence *therefore is* ----

Thou ſhalt continue in ſafe Cuſtody till the 1260 Years be expired, (*which is now very near*) and then thou ſhalt be taken from off the Beaſt, where thou art imperiouſly Mounted, thy Golden Cup (*with which thou haſt deceived the Nations*) ſhall be taken out of thy hand, and by the Hand of God, the Horns of the Nations, and Swords of Good Men, thou ſhalt have theſe Judgements come upon thee in one day, *Death, Mourning and Famine*, and thou ſhalt be utterly burnt with *Fire*, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and ſlain her Sovereign; At which all the Hoſt of Saints and Angels, ſhall ſay *Amen*, -- *Hallelujah.*

The AUTHOR's REQUEST.

I.

SOme things, great God, my Soul doth long to have,
Before these transient days of mine be o'er;
Which things in deep humility I crave,
Before I go from hence, and be no more.
Till my Requests I can of thee obtain,
I shall be fill'd with sorrow, grief, and pain.

II.

Alas my Griefs are now increased double!
O that thou would'st be pleas'd to hear O Lord!
Then should my Soul be free from inward trouble
If what I humbly ask thou would'st afford
Until thy grace allows me my Request,
I cannot cease, nor give thee any rest.

III.

'Tis not for fading Riches of this World,
Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry;

Such

Such with a puff are oft to nothing hurld,
They get them Wings, and from Poſſeſſors fly.
All ſublunary things uncertain be;
I ask them not, ſome better things I ſee.

IV.

'Tis not for Pleaſures that are tranſitory,
Which fill vain Fancies with a fooliſh Joy;
But for ſome Glimpſes of Diviner Glory,
Which my tranſported Soul longs to enjoy.
Can Riches, Honours, fading Pleaſures give
The things I want, whilſt on the Earth I live?

V.

The things that I am longing to receive,
Moſt precious are; O let me humbly urge,
That thou thy preſence unto me would'ſt give,
My heart from ſin that thou wouldſt alſo purge.
Theſe are the things my never-ceaſing Cry
Petitions for; Lord grant them e'er I die.

VI.

Thy preſence does more conſolate my heart,
Then ſweeteſt Honey, or the Honey-Comb:
I will (with *Mary*) chuſe the better part:
'Tis Sin my Soul would be deliver'd from;
Then I thy Name in Songs will magnifie,
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.

VII.

Let thy good Spirit be my bleſſed Guide,
And in thy Houſe let me for ever dwell;
From Goſpel-Truths O let me never ſlide,
Nor find my Conſcience like another Hell:
And I thy Name for evermore ſhall praiſe
And happy be when I ſhall end my Days.

VIII.

Lord whatſoever my Eſtate is here,
With ſweet Submiſſion let me be content,
When I'm moſt troubled, then be thou moſt near,
And never from me thy dear ſelf abſent:
This will my proſtrate Spirit highly raiſe,
And if I ſuffer, to thy Name be praiſe.

IX.

Teach me, I pray thee, that Celeſtial Skill,
My Days to number, as thy Saints have done;
Let me ſtill yield unto thy bleſſed Will,
And wait upon thee till my Glaſs be run: (claim
So ſhall my Raptur'd Tongue thy praiſe pro-
And ſing *Hoſanna's* to thy Glorious Name.

X.

O regulate my Tongue, and make me ſee,
How few my days are, and how ſhort their length,
Let all my Truſt be ſtill repos'd in thee;
Relax thy ſcourge, or add unto my ſtrength:

Be

Be thou my way, my ſtrength, my light that I
May learn to live, and in thy favour die.

XI.

When hungry, let thy *Manna* be my meat;
When circled in the dark, enlighten me;
When I am weary, O! be thou my Seat;
And when impriſon'd, do thou ſet me free:
So fill'd, enlightned, after ſweet repoſe,
Enlarg'd from Bonds, I will thy praiſe diſcloſe.

XII.

In time of wrath, when fury waxes great,
Be thou my Bulwark and ſecureſt Tower;
To thy tranſcending Name let me retreat,
And be defended by thy mighty Power.
Secure me till thy Vengeance is paſt over,
That I thy Praiſes may to all diſcover.

XIII.

Let me with Patience run that bleſſed Race,
And from my weights, which very ſore have bin,
Be now ſet free, that with a ſwifter pace
I may the Prize of laſting Glory win.
Be thou my Guide, do thou direct my Path,
Lord give me Patience, & with Patience Faith.

XIV.

Thy Children are as (many) Members joyn'd
Which make one body, whoſe bleſt Head thou art,

O cause them with an undivided mind
And perfect Union, to have all one heart:
Then shall I hope to see a blest increase
Of *Sion's* Glory, and of *Israel's* Peace.

XV.

Thy Children have in many things provok'd
Thee, but in Mercy pass Offences by.
By Grace, O Lord, let Judgment be revok'd
That they may live thy Name to magnifie;
And *I* thy Goodness will proclaim to all,
And warning take, lest *I* my self do fall.

XVI.

Remember *Sion* in her aking grief,
She mourns, she weeps, and is in inward pain,
Do thou in Mercy, send her such relief
That she (with cause) may never more complain;
Then (not till then) my sorrows will be over,
And *I* thy goodness will to all discover.

XVII.

O let thy Gospel through the Earth be spread!
Rome's black design, O let thy Grace prevent!
Permit not them to grow into a Head,
As they have purpos'd, with a full intent.
Then shall *I* (quickned by a holy Flame)
Ascribe the Glory to thy Blessed Name.

XVIII.

XVIII.

I pray thee ſcatter our inraged Foes,
And baffle all who proudly have combin'd
Againſt thine Heritage, do thou expoſe
Them to be toſt as Chaff before the Wind;
Preſerve thy Flock from bloudy *Babels* hand,
Eſtabliſh Truth and Quiet in the Land.

XIX.

O God whoſe dreadful Judgments are ſevere,
And whoſe great Mercy's full of ſweet compaſſi-
Deſtroy thy Churches Foes both far and near, (on
And grant to me the joy of thy Salvation;
Then will I ſpend the Remnant of my days.
In Pſalms of Thanks to thee, and Hymns of
(Praiſe.

XX.

Make haſt to judge the Perſecuting *Whore*,
Thy righteous Judgments quickly execute;
Let her ſo fall that ſhe may riſe no more.
O Lord be pleas'd to grant my earneſt ſuit,
That I may ſee her fall before I die.
That I thy Name may therefore magnifie.

XXI.

O Lord, eſtabliſh thiee own intereſt,
And ſet thy Son upon his bleſſed Throne;
Deſtroy the Kingdom of the Scarlet Beaſt,
Let Chriſt his Foes to conquer now go on,

That

That on the Top of *Sion* I may sing
Aloud, *Hosanna* to the Highest King.

XXII.

What thou, O Lord, hast to thy *Sion* told
Of Blessings that thou hast for her in Store;
Them once fulfill'd, O let mine Eyes behold,
And then let me go hence and be no more
In this disturbing World, but let me be
Translated to a blest Eternity.

XXIII.

In all the course of my short Pilgrimage,
Be thou my Load-Star, let my heedful Eye
Be fixt on thee, that when I leave the Stage,
I may be fitted and prepar'd to die;
That when this transitory life is o'er,
With Angels I may sing for evermore.

XXIV.

Whate'er of any Suit thou dost deny,
Grant me True Faith, that I may still believe
That through Christs Ransom, when I come to dy
A Glorious Crown from thee I shall receive,
O Lord of Hosts, vouchsafe me my request,
Let me enjoy but thee, and I will rest;
For having thee, all precious things I have,
And in the World there's nothing else I crave.

An

An Alarm to the Wiſe and Fooliſh Virgins.

I.

ALL you that fear the Lord, give ear
To what I do indite,
There is a cry, the Bridegrooms nigh,
'Tis near the midſt of Night.

II.

Rouſe up, awake, your Lamps to take,
And longer do not ſlumber;
You muſt them trim, to tend on him
Into the Wedding Chamber.

III.

You Virgins all, to you I call,
What Oil have you in ſtore?
If you have none, you are undone,
Then look to it therefore.

IV.

Watch then alway, Our Lord doth ſay,
None knows the day nor hour
Watch carefully, for you are nigh
The day of his great Power.

V.

With ſpeed ariſe, lift up your Eies,
The Day-Star doth appear,
Riſe from your Bed, raiſe up your Head,
Redemption's very near.

VI.

Such as are wiſe, their time do prize,
Preparing for their Lord,
To them he will, his Word fulfil
And his ſweet ſmiles afford.

VII.

But Fools do haſt, their time to waſte
In ſleep and ſlothfulneſs;
Yet ſuch preſume, they ſhall aſſume
His Glory ne'r the leſs.

VIII.

But they indeed on fancys feed,
'Twill come to ſuch an Ebb,
That they ſhall ſee their hopes will be
Like to the Spiders Web.

IX.

They ſtill do keep themſelves aſleep,
And know not where they be,
Were they awake, how would they quake
Their woful State to ſee?

X.

X.

You who remain ſo very vain,
And in a formal ſtate,
And all the while have got no Oil,
You'll mourn when 'tis too late.

XI.

You who profeſs, and not poſſeſs
The Truth in Life and Power;
Your ſtate is bad, and will be ſad
Before this day be o'er.

XII.

You have the Shel, but no Kernel,
The Chaff but not the Wheat,
The Husks you take, and do forſake
Your Souls moſt precious Meat.

XIII.

'Tis the laſt Day, O! therefore pray,
And faithful now abide
Unto the Lord with one accord,
And be on the Lambs ſide.

XIV.

Still have a care, and do not dare
In *Babel* to remain;
For if you do, then muſt you know,
With her you ſhall be ſlain.

XV.

Come, haſt away without delay,
With all ſpeed and indeavour,
Her end is come, her fatal Doom,
Therefore your Souls deliver.

XVI.

You now do hear, her Ruine's near,
Your Sins therefore forſake,
And you'll prevent the puniſhment
Of which ſhe muſt partake.

XVII.

All her Pleaſures and rich Treaſures
Hate as monſtrous evil,
Gods Word doth ſhew, who love them do,
Shall go unto the Devil.

XVIII.

You muſt remove, your deareſt Love
From Earth, and things thereof;
For this hath bin a crying Sin,
Now caſt it therefore off.

XIX.

On things above, ſet all your love,
Affections and deſire;
Theſe things below, God will o'erthrow
With his Conſuming Fire.

XX.

Alas poor Souls! be not ſuch Fools
To labour for the Wind,
The Wealth you heap, you ſhall not keep,
As you e're long will find.

XXI.

You muſt not reſt on Self-Intreſt,
But wholy for the Lord,
He'll elſe at laſt you ſurely blaſt,
According to his Word.

XXII.

There are ſome Men, cry loud, *When, when,*
Wilt thou in Glory come?
But few repent, or do relent,
And pray for his Kingdom.

XXIII.

But ſuch ſhall ſee, with them 'twill be
As when one 'ſcapes a Bear,
Which being gone, Lyons come on,
Which do in peices tear.

XXIV.

Subdue your Sin; for it hath been
Your greateſt Enemy:
If that does reign, you ſtrive in vain,
You muſt it Crucifie.

XXV.

XXV.

In every Land, there's none shall stand
And happy be indeed,
But only those whom God hath chose,
Who on Christ Jesus feed.

XXVI.

O therefore cry continually
For Christ and precious Grace
That being blest, you all may rest
When you have run your race.

XXVII.

The great Bridegroom when he doth come,
Will all such entertain,
And you shall then be happy Men,
And with him ever Reign.

XXVIII.

He'll place you high in Majesty,
Your honour shall excel;
And so I'll end, who am your Friend
And bid you all farewel.

FINIS.